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THE CRISIS

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21ST ANNIVERSARY NUMBER 1910 - 1931

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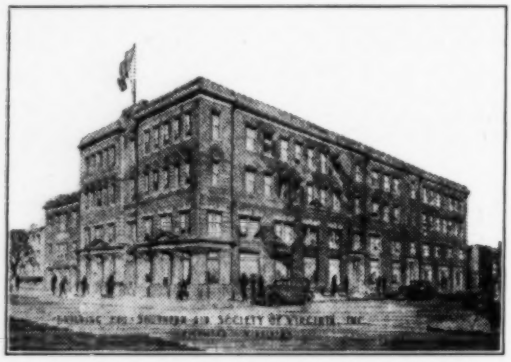

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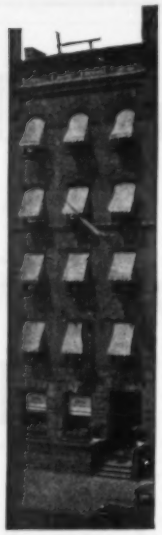

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W. E. B. Du Bois, Editor — Irene C. Malvan, Business Manager

The Crisis was founded in 1910 and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. It is conducted by an Editorial Board, consisting of W. E. B. Du Bois, Editor-in-chief, Walter White, Herbert J. Seligmann and Rachel Davis Du Bois.

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FORECAST

The December Crisis will contain a symposium on "Jobs for Negroes." The contributors will be from among the most distinguished persons in the nation who have control of industry and charity. This will be a significant number. The Christmas Number will have a cover by Laura Wheeler Waring.

We shall publish in the near future the following articles:

Theophile Gautier on Ira Aldridge; Langston Hughes on Haiti; Arthur Davis, "John Henry," a play; The Story of an Artist: Helen Brooks; an article by Grace Abbott, head of the United States Children's Bureau; Arthur Schomburg on "A Negro Prince of the Medici;" Pierre Loving, "The Black King of Bohemia;" the story of E. A. Harleston; a page of West Indian poetry; Mrs. Martin on "The Negro in Cuba;" H. L. Mencken on a theme which all will more than appreciate.

The Crisis is published monthly and copyrighted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage and while The Crisis *uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.*

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Write, Blanche Williams Anderson, Principal, South College Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

As the Eagle Soars

In view of the vast literature we have written about the Negro, the study we have devoted to his problems, education and welfare, it is an even more interesting circumstance that he writes so little about himself for our particular enlightenment.

What he does write along that line is copied from our point of view, as if he held a mirror up to our minds. The same is true of Southern whites who write for Northern readers. We cannot afford to give a veracious impression of our lives, minds or wits, but must always color the composition with that legendary Southerner who, if he ever existed at all, faded out fifty years ago.

But the fact that the Negro never reveals himself is much more mysterious. He cannot do it. Many centuries passed before the white man acquired the literary art of revealing himself. The black man has had more centuries in living than we have had, in all probability, but a relatively short time has passed since he acquired the use of a pen. He remains, therefore, what Joel Chandler Harris called him—"the most secret man on earth."

Still he studies us. He majors in white-skinned human nature. He knows us, stripped of all our vanities, virtues and ideals. He can know a white man, not by looking up his record but simply by looking at him. One time a famous novelist was made editor of a famous magazine. The first morning he appeared at the office of his publication the old Negro janitor, who had never seen him before, took one look at him, shook his head and said, "He won't last long"—and he didn't.

CORRA HARRIS in *Saturday Evening Post.*

As the Crow Flies

War and Debt makes strange bedfellows: Bruening and Laval, MacDonald and Baldwin, Borah and Grandi.

●

Jimmie Walker and the American Legion agree that all we need is beer, and blip! away goes Old Man Depression! We have seen it work this way ourselves but we never gave the matter much thought.

●

Speaking of the new Waldorf-Astoria, what we really need in this country is additional palatial hotels, bigger and costlier yachts, and more exclusive country clubs: instead of that we are piking along talking about soup kitchens.

●

When is a lie not a lie? When it is pronounced by a Bishop of the Episcopal Church. When is a child at once legitimate and illegitimate? When the Catholic church annuls its parents' marriage.

●

At last the secret is out and everybody except the American Federation of Labor is happy: all that we really needed to insure prosperity was reduction of wages and the maintenance of railway dividends.

●

Mr. Silas S. Strawn tells us that we should be of good courage because we have only weathered seventeen major depressions in the United States, and Mr. Strawn sees encouraging signs "on the horizon." Well, well. What we need is bigger and deeper and larger depressions and a hell of a lot more horizon.

●

We are assured by no one less than Mr. Morgan himself that the stopping of gold payments by the Bank of England is the very best thing in the very best world. He himself was about to suggest it when Ramsay MacDonald beat him to it.

●

What is the difference between Harlan and Hell? Ask Kentucky.

●

The New York *Times* has a new funny column on the editorial page consisting of comments on Gandhi. This replaces its former merry quips about Russian women and the fall of the Bolsheviks.

●

The English Coalition Government would be glad to resign if it could make up its mind what to resign about.

●

German war bondholders lost all to make ends meet. French war bondholders lost 75% of their investment and balanced the budget. British and American bondholders have lost nothing and do not propose to as long as there are doles to be abolished and wages to be reduced.

●

If you want to be a free American citizen, commit murder or steal a bank; but do not run past a red stop light.

●

What we call bearding the Lion in his den was Gandhi in Lancashire.

●

If Hoover was as strong on the "Do" as he is on the "Don't," his American victories would be more than Legion.

●

Germany and France, after trying war and debt slavery, have finally agreed on government by joint commission.

●

Alfonse Coolidge says "No, thanks! After you, Gaston Hoover!"

●

The Administration at Washington has begun by helping the Bankers. Next, will come the Captains of Industry and Merchants. After a while, the Farmers and Laborers will be told to be cheerful.

●

Twice we have spelled "Hoard" Horde, says our Cheerful Critic. O well, what's the difference between Gold and Men in the year of Salvation, 1931?

●

Speaking of doles, the kind of dole that we are opposed to is the 55 million dollars recently handed the son of a man who made the public pay that much more for baking powder than it cost him to make it. So far as we can find out the son's only contribution to the process was being born.

●

Manchuria is a bone, juicy but indigestible. Russia broke its teeth on it, England got colic and Germany, cramps. It belongs to China and Japan has seized it. If only now the Bone would bite.

THE CRISIS

A RECORD OF THE DARKER RACES

Volume One NOVEMBER, 1910 Number One

Edited by W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS, with the co-operation of Oswald Garrison Villard, J. Max Barber, Charles Edward Russell, Kelly Miller, W. S. Braithwaite and M. D. Maclean.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE
National Association for the Advancement of Colored People
AT TWENTY VESEY STREET NEW YORK CITY

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR TEN CENTS A COPY

. Facsimile of the cover page of the first number of THE CRISIS. November, 1910.

Message from the President of the Republic of Haiti

AUCUNE occasion ne m'est plus propice que la célébration du vingt et-unième anniversaire de la fondation de THE CRISIS, pour exprimer à ce brillant et courageux périodique la totale admiration et la profonde gratitude de mon Peuple, pour la défense ardente et féconde que délibérément et généreusement il assuma de la Cause Haitienne.

THE CRISIS estima que la défense des intérêts de nos Congénères Américains, au sujet de laquelle il a joué et continue de jouer un rôle de premier plan, ne suffisait pas à son activité débordante. Il épousa la cause des Frères d'Haiti. A l'accomplissement de cette tâche ardue, THE CRISIS apporta une patience obstinée, une constance et une ténacité admirables, puissants facteurs d'un succès certain. Aussi ses efforts suscités par le culte de la Liberté ont-ils déjà porté des fruits appréciables. Ce formidable et magnifique mouvement en faveur d'Haiti eut pour principaux animateurs les Docteur Burghardt Du Bois, les James Weldon Johnson, les Clément Wood, les Walter White,—tous de nobles coeurs et de puissants cerveaux.

L'oeuvre de THE CRISIS a consisté et consiste encore à réclamer plus de bonheur humain, dans la Paix, la Justice et la Fraternité. Par la poursuite de ce haut idéal, THE CRISIS a bien mérité les remerciments non seulement de la Race Noire, mais de l'Humanité entière.

Sténio Vincent.

Port-au-Prince, le 9 Septembre, 1931.

THERE is for me no more opportune occasion than the celebration of the 21st. anniversary of the foundation of THE CRISIS for expressing to that brilliant and courageous periodical the unstinted admiration and profound gratitude of my people for the ardent and effective defense that it has thoughtfully and generously taken on for the Haitian cause.

THE CRISIS believes that a defense of the interests of our American brothers, in which field it has played and continues to play a role of the first importance, is not enough for its unbounded activities. It espoused the cause of its Haitian brothers. To the accomplishment of that difficult task, THE CRISIS has brought to bear unlimited patience and admirable perseverance and tenacity, —powerful factors for sure success. Moreover, these efforts, inspired by the ideal of Liberty, have already brought appreciable results. The formidable and magnificent movement in behalf of Haiti had for its principal protagonists men like Dr. Burghardt Du Bois, James Weldon Johnson, Clement Wood and Walter White,—all with noble hearts and powerful brains.

The work of THE CRISIS has resulted and still results in increasing human happiness through peace, justice and brotherhood. In the pursuit of this high ideal THE CRISIS deserves the thanks not only of the black race, but of all humanity.

Stenio Vincent.

Port-au-Prince, September 9, 1931.

The Provincetown Theatre and the Negro

By HELEN DEUTSCH and STELLA HANAU

Stella Hanau writes:

I submit herewith an excerpt from a forthcoming book written in collaboration with Helen Deutsch—"The Provincetown, A Story of the Theatre," to be published on October 5th by Farrar and Rinehart. I hope you may be interested in using it in THE CRISIS. *It occurs to me that it might be interesting to introduce the article with a short note, telling of the Provincetown's interest in Negro drama and Negro actors:*

Starting with Eugene O'Neill's one-act play "The Dreamy Kid" in 1919-20. Followed by "The Emperor Jones," also by O'Neill, given in November, 1920, with Charles S. Gilpin in the leading rôle. "All God's Chillun Got Wings," with Paul Robeson followed in 1923-24, and "In Abraham's Bosom" was presented in 1926-27. It won the Pulitzer Prize for that season.

Other portions of the book have appeared in The Drama for July, the Theatre Guild Magazine for August (a second installment to run in the September issue). I have, of course, picked parts which I thought would be of greatest interest to your readers. I sincerely hope that you will read the book in its entirety.

THE projected production of "All God's Chillun Got Wings" had been stirring up a press storm. The fact that it dealt with a marriage between a Negro and white girl, and that the wife at one point in the action kisses her husband's hand, had been avidly seized upon. Ku Kluxers, Citizen Fixits and Southern Gentlewomen, most of whom did not trouble to read the play (which had been published in the *American Mercury*) were goaded into action. Facts were enlarged and distorted, and expressions of opinion from pastors in Mississippi, from Colonels of the Confederate Army, from champions of Nordic integrity in Iowa, were printed and reprinted from one end of the country to the other. A picture of Mary Blair, who was to play the wife, was syndicated hundreds of times with the caption "White Actress Kisses Negro's Hand," and a harmless little paragraph by Irvin S. Cobb about how "All God's Chillun" would need their wings in Paducah, Kentucky, where he came from, echoed and re-echoed in print like a thunderbolt of the demigod Authority. The envelopes from the clipping bureau grew larger and larger, until great boxes began to arrive. The office soon gave up the gargantuan task of pasting clippings into the press book and began stuffing them into shoe boxes and storing them in the back of the most remote closet in the theatre. In the final totaling it was found that the press-clipping bill exceeded the cost of the scenery.

The Provincetown was exasperated by all the unfair and misinformed criticism which the play received before production. O'Neill, usually so detached, issued a statement to the press:

"Prejudice born of an entire ignorance of the subject is the last word in injustice and absurdity. The Provincetown Playhouse has ignored all criticism not founded on a knowledge of the play and will continue to ignore it.

"Another point whose significance has either been omitted from all the sensational gossip or else misrepresented: we are not a public theatre. Our playhouse is essentially a laboratory for artistic experiment. Our aims are special. We are not seeking to rival the theatre uptown, we make no attempt to cater to the taste of a general public. Our audience is intentionally a restricted one.

"Admitting (which we do not) that we are responsible to any one outside our own organization, it is by our subscribers alone we can with any reason be held to account. All we ask is a square deal. A play is written to be expressed through the theatre, and only on its merits in a theatre can a final judgment be passed on it with justice. We demand this hearing."

A new Negro actor, Paul Robeson, had been cast for the leading part in "All God's Chillun" and so, as a canny move to focus the attention of the public on an actor instead of on a race controversy, the directors postponed the opening and introduced him in a revival of "The Emperor Jones." Augustin Duncan had discovered him in an amateur production of Ridgeley Torrence's "Simon the Cyrenian," (for those who delight in coincidences, it was coached by Charles Gilpin!) and had cast him opposite Margaret Wycherly in "Voodoo." Robeson later played "Voodoo" in England with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and definitely abandoned his projected law career for the stage and the concert hall. The new Brutus Jones was no weak second to Gilpin:

"Robeson adds to his extraordinary physique a shrewd, rich understanding of the rôle and a voice that is unmatched in the American theatre," said Woolcott in the *Sun;* and the *Post* said: "Mr. Robeson brings great native gifts to the part, including a splendid physical presence and a voice the like of which is rarely heard."

The recurrent mention of Robeson's voice is significant, since he had not yet started his career as a singer. One review ended: "One wonders if he has ever tried to sing." Robeson gave his first concert in the spring of 1925 at the Greenwich Village Theatre, under the auspices of the Provincetown.

Scene from "All God's Chillun Got Wings"

With the bulwark of approval built by Robeson, "All God's Chillun Got Wings" opened on May 15th to an accompaniment of poison pen letters, telegrams to O'Neill threatening his life and the lives of his children, and an anonymous promise of a bomb in the cellar. District Attorney

Banton, a southerner, had not read the play but knew that its author was the man who had written "The Hairy Ape" and "The Emperor Jones." He declared that he would "get" O'Neill. Perhaps Banton had sat under Professor George Odell at Columbia and had taken too seriously that mild and seasoned scholar's jeu de mots: "Gentlemen," (rapping on the table) "Eugene O'Neill is responsible for the profanity and insanity on the American stage today!" In any case, he succeeded in putting his touch upon the play, for Mayor Hylan, under his prompting, without explanation, refused to issue the necessary acting permits for the children who were to appear in the first scene. At the opening, James Light announced that the scene could not be acted; it showed the friendship of a Negro boy and a white girl and established the fact that the color line does not cross childhood. He offered to read the lines and the audience shouted its consent. The children were never allowed to appear, except for a few performances late in the summer, and the scene was read each night.

The cordon of police at the door, the audience half-hoping for a fight, and the quaking staff had one great moment during the evening. In the middle of the second act, a large man rose from his seat and shouted something. Everybody's heart turned over. He left his seat and proceeded down the aisle. He repeated his remark to the usher in a slightly cloudy speech, punctuated with a hiccup: "Really, I've had enough of this!" and placidly, though unsteadily, left the theater.

Possibly "All God's Chillun" would not have attracted so much attention without the impetus of race prejudice, for it is one of O'Neill's less skillful plays. Because of the strong public feeling about miscegenation, the sale of tickets was limited to subscribers. The play was given for only two performances and then alternated week and week about with "The Emperor Jones." W. E. B. Du Bois wrote:

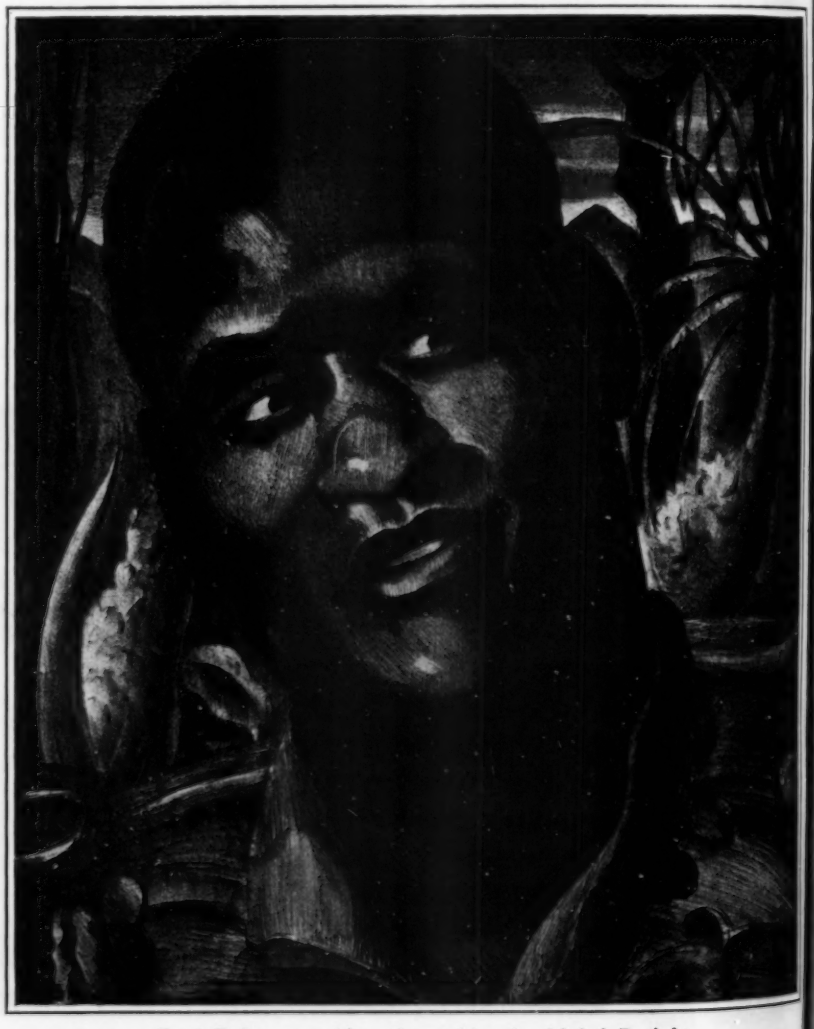
"O'Neill has my sympathy, for his soul must be lame with the enthusiasm of the blows rained upon him. But it is work that must be done. No greater mine of dramatic material ever lay ready for the great artist's hands than the situation of men of Negro blood in modern America."

In 1926, Barrett H. Clark, whose interest in new American playwrights had drawn him into contact with the Provincetown, and Winifred Katzin, then acting as playreader, suggested for production, Paul Green's "In Abraham's Bosom." Of the directors, only Harold McGee was convinced of the worth of the play, and it was his urgent faith in the script that caused them to accept it as the second bill of the season. Green had written one-act plays that were already beginning to be known to the little theaters of the country, but "Abraham" was his first full length play and his first to be produced by a professional company. It had been submitted to about twenty producers and had been unanimously rejected, largely because it was concerned very definitely with the special problems of Negroes, and demanded an all-Negro cast. Any newspaperman will quote for you the respected city-room tenet that "Niggers ain't news." People weren't interested in Negro problem plays, the producers said. Had the Provincetown not proved this to be untrue, "Porgy," "Green Pastures" and others might have had to wait for a hearing. Paul Green, in 1926, was in much the same position as Eugene O'Neill in 1915. He needed an experimental theater.

Jasper Deeter, one of the early Players, returned to direct the production; Throckmorton provided the settings; and the cast of Negro actors included the singer, Jules Bledsoe, Rose McClendon, and Abbie Mitchell. It attracted no unusual amount of attention in the press, but the Theatre Guild perceived the great natural power of the play and offered to house it at the Garrick Theatre. After a run at the Provincetown from December 30th to February 15th, it moved there. As the original opening had conflicted with another premiere, many of the critics now came to view the play for the first time. One of those coincidences with which theater legend abounds brought J. Brooks Atkinson, the dramatic critic of the *Times*, to the theater on the second night at the Garrick, when Bledsoe's part of Abraham McCranie was played by an understudy:

"On Tuesday evening the opportunity for which ever muted understudy prays earnestly every day came to Frank Wilson, in the cast of 'In Abraham's Bosom.' Julius Bledsoe, the leading player in that uncommonly adroit cast, did not appear at the usual hour and did not communicate with the management. Actors and audience waited patiently for about 30 minutes. Then Mr. Wilson, who had been playing a minor part in the scene, walked on as Abraham McCranie and gave a performance not only almost letter perfect, but also swift, direct and extraordinarily moving. . . .

(*Will you please turn to page 396*)



Paul Robeson. After the etching by Mabel Dwight

HERSHAW

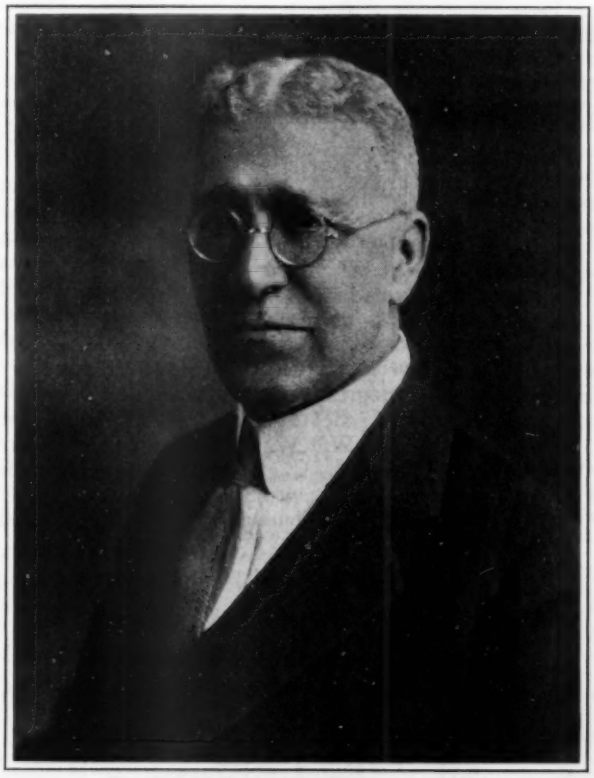
Some of the leading men of the Negro race who have done much for its emancipation are almost unknown to the mass of our people, and yet widely known to a select few. Here is the story of one such character and it is worth careful reading and thought.

THE name Hershaw carries to a large number of colored people in the United States and also to many whites a deep sense of satisfaction. They recall a man who is a perfect companion, beside whom one settles down over a cigar or a glass of beer to hear the world interpreted with truth, keenness and genial commentary. There is always a good story, well-told and to the point and there is abundant human sympathy.

Lafayette M. Hershaw is more than a citizen of Washington. He approaches being an institution. He was born in North Carolina in 1863, of a mother who was an unmarried slave with Negro and Indian blood. He was taught to read and write by the women members of the family that owned the mother and after the war, in 1875, he was taken to Atlanta, Georgia. Here he was educated at Storrs School, one of the institutions of the American Missionary Association and afterward at another one of their institutions, Atlanta University, from which he graduated with his Bachelor's degree in 1886.

While in college, he had helped support himself by teaching in the country schools and after graduation the Board of Education made him Principal of the eight grade Gate City School, where he stayed four years.

But Hershaw was always outspoken and sincere with keen humor. When, therefore, in 1889 the colored people held a public meeting at the Court House against the Glenn Bill, Hershaw spoke. The Glenn Bill made it a criminal offense to teach Negro and white children in a state institution and it was aimed at Atlanta University. Glenn himself, the author of the Bill, spoke and said that Negroes had reached the stage of progress where they could attend to their own educational interests. Hershaw demurred and said that no people had ever progressed so far that they could proceed without contact and assistance from their fellows and neighbors and he illustrated this by reminding Mr. Glenn that the capitol building of Georgia just finished had been designed by a Northern architect and erected by Northern people and he concluded by remarking that if Northern capital were withdrawn from Atlanta it would become a second-class village.



Lafayette M. Hershaw.

At the next meeting of the Board of Education, Hershaw was dismissed from his position; but Hoke Smith, then a member of the Board and afterward Governor of Georgia and United States Senator, intervened and Hershaw was reinstated. But this was a warning. Manifestly, a man who wanted to think outside a mental straight-jacket and who now and then was in the habit of expressing his thoughts in plain words, had no business in Georgia, particularly if he happened to be of Negro descent. Hershaw, therefore, took a competitive examination for the departmental service in Washington in 1889; he received a high rating, and in July, 1890, became a clerk in the General Land Office of the Interior Department at a salary of $900 a year.

With a large number of persons this is the end of the story. They sink into the departments of Washington; the waters close over their heads and there is nothing else worth recording. But in the General Land Office Hershaw has had an extraordinary career. On July 16, 1931, he completed forty-one years of continuous service and First Assistant Secretary of the Interior Dixon in congratulating him on his work said that his record for punctuality had to his knowledge never been parallelled. During these forty-one years Hershaw had been promoted on merit alone until he has reached Grade Seven of the administrative classification, and is now a law examiner. His duties embrace preparing papers for the Secretary's signature on bills pending in Congress, drafting bills for submission to Congress and in examining contest cases relating to desert titles and water rights. His promotions have come under both Republican and Democratic administrations and during the last ten years he has been promoted three times.

In addition to that, he has studied law and been admitted to the bar, and more particularly he has preserved keen interest in the general development of the world and of the Negro race. He has had no fears or hesitancies in taking his stand for what he thought was right. He was one of the twenty-nine original members of the Niagara Movement; he took part in the first conferences of the N. A. A. C. P.; he was long President of Bethel Literary Association of Washington, an unusually effective local forum.

In 1888, Mr. Hershaw married Charlotte Monroe of Atlanta and they lived pleasantly together until 1930 when she died. There are three children, Mrs. Rosa Granady and the Misses Alice and Fay Hershaw.

This curiously inadequate little sketch must be finished by a characteristic Hershaw story. It was in Boston when the Editor of THE CRISIS, then callow and impatient, had left a meeting in a huff and damned a minister of the Gospel to his face. The minister returned to the meeting incensed and declared that he could have nothing further to do with so profane a man. But Hershaw was on his feet. He speaks with a slight and intriguing hesitancy which emphasizes his points. "Oh!" said Hershaw. "Don't say that! Damn—is a perfectly good English word. I use it—sometimes myself."

Building Interracial Good-Will

By CHANNING H. TOBIAS

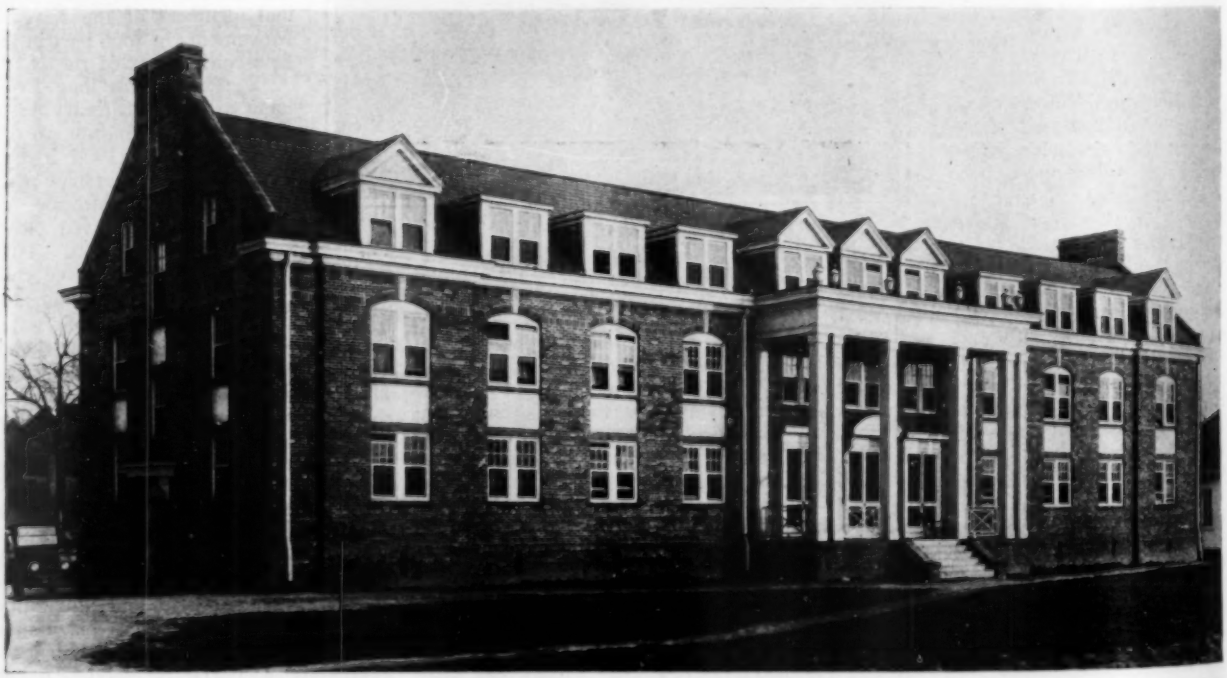
IN Augusta, Georgia, in the heart of the Old South, for many years an experiment in education and in the building of interracial good-will has been going on under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South and the Colored Methodist Church. Established as a school for the training of leaders, Paine College has sought to live up to this objective. It has had no ambition to grow into a great university, nor has it yielded to the whims of the faddist in education. It has been content to remain a small college.

The founder, and president for twenty-seven years, was George Williams Walker, a white South Carolinian of culture and high scholastic ideals. So unusual was the interest of this cultured southern white man in the education of the Negro that it aroused the suspicion of many colored people and the opposition of most white people. Mr. Walker avoided controversy and went quietly about the work of giving personal instruction to a small group of colored young men and women in rented quarters in the down-town section of the city. This group included the late John Wesley Gilbert and John Hope, both of whom young Walker helped prepare for Brown University where they subsequently distinguished themselves. These first experiments proved so successful that the sponsoring churches purchased the valuable property where the college is now located and authorized sufficient expenditures to employ a few teachers. In the beginning all the teachers were white, but as soon as John Wesley Gilbert completed his graduate work in the American College at Athens, Greece, President Walker nominated him for a position on the faculty. The trustees objected on the ground that while it was helpful and proper for white people to teach Negroes it would be unwise for white and Negro teachers to serve together on the same faculty. President Walker insisted on the appointment of Dr. Gilbert and the trustees yielded. From that day up to the present time the faculty has been interracial and the finest of relationships have obtained between its members.

The present president is Mr. E. C. Peters, a native of Tennessee, who has received his training at the University of Tennessee, Columbia University and the University of Chicago. He belongs to that progressive group of younger leaders of the Southern Methodist Church, like Will W. Alexander, Jackson Davis, N. C. Newbold, Louise Young and others, who are making such outstanding contributions to better interracial understanding and justice in the South.

The Present Board of Trustees is composed of colored and white men and women whose contacts and services have influenced race relationships in the South as well as directed the administration of the college. Two instances stand out. When the Georgia legislature had put through its house a bill to make it unlawful for white teachers to teach in Negro schools, it was the quiet work of influential members of the Paine College trustee board that killed the bill in the senate. When the board of education of Augusta used all kinds of political pressure to force the college to sell its present property at a sacrifice because it was in a white neighborhood and had become desirable for a white educational development, it was a white woman member of the college trustee board who served notice on the city authorities that the college would not be browbeaten into sacrificing its property. This simple declaration settled the whole question.

Because of the sound educational policy pursued by Paine College and the helpful interracial influence it is exerting, its circle of friends is constantly widening.



Epworth Hall, Paine College. Dormitory for Young Men

N. A. A. C. P. BRANCH ACTIVITIES

By ROBERT W. BAGNALL, Director of Branches

This page is for N.A.A.C.P. Branches and workers. Send matter to Robert W. Bagnall, Director of Branches, 69 5th Avenue, New York City.

New Jersey Branches Organize to Defeat Senator Who Voted for Judge Parker

Branches of the N.A.A.C.P. in New Jersey came together in Newark on Sunday, September 13th, to plan how to defeat David Baird, Jr., candidate for governor in that state, because of his vote for Judge Parker. Dr. Vernon Bunce, President of the New Jersey State Conference of the Association, presided and the large delegation manifested much enthusiasm and determination to keep Baird out of the gubernatorial chair. The National Office was represented by Walter White, Roy Wilkins, and Robert W. Bagnall. Resolutions were passed, a steering committee organized, plans made to organize campaign committees all over the state, literature agreed upon and meetings arranged.

Mobile Branch Holds DePriest Meeting in Spite of Opposition

Down in Mobile, Alabama, the Lions and Kiwanis Clubs (white) objected to Congressman DePriest speaking for the N.A.A.C.P. Branch or at all. A number of Negroes, including a minister and the officials of two Negro churches joined the opposition and the two churches refused to open their doors for the meeting. A colored business man who was to be host to Congressman DePriest reneged. But the Roman Catholics opened their hall and DePriest spoke, denouncing Communism and timid, "Uncle Tom" Negroes. The Mobile Branch of the N.A.A.C.P. is a militant and vigorous unit. Its officers are W. L. Bolden, President, and J. L. LeFlore, Secretary.

Des Moines Branch Wins Prize at County Fair

Mrs. S. Joe Brown, President of the Des Moines Branch of the N.A.A.C.P., arranged a booth at the state fair setting forth the history and accomplishments of Negroes in Iowa. The exhibit won the second prize in the race and religious division. Large quantities of Association literature were distributed. A fifteen minute program, including an address on the work of the N.A.A.C.P., was given on an afternoon during the fair.

Older Youth Movement in N.A.A.C.P.

The N.A.A.C.P. has many Junior Divisions made up of young people of high school age. Many requests have come for an organization in which young adults could use their talents—"a Youth Movement." Plans have been formed for such organization and a tentative constitution prepared.

The organization will work under the branch executive committee but it will have representation on the executive committee. The membership fee will be the same as that of other adults. The age limit will be 21 to 30 years.

The Youth Division will make surveys of conditions in schools, places of public amusement and recreation; it will assist the branch in membership and budget drives, in employment campaigns, in publicity. It will give debates, lecture courses, recitals, plays; conduct essay contests; organize interracial youth conferences, etc.

Persons or Branches interested in forming Youth Divisions may write Robert W. Bagnall, Director of Branches, 69 5th Avenue, New York City.

Branch Elections and the Annual Meeting

The Branch Constitution requires that the Branch elections be held within the first fifteen days of November. Some old branches have always had other dates, arranged before the Constitution had been accepted by the National Board. Others find good reasons for postponement. The consent of the National Office should be obtained for such postponement, a definite date having been set.

The Annual Meeting, when election is held, is the time when full reports of receipts and disbursements should be given, as well as reports of all activities. Notice of the Annual Meeting should be sent to all branch members at least seven days before the date of the meeting.

There is frequent complaint that elections in some branches are empty gestures and that the branch officers perpetuate themselves in office.

To obviate this, the National Office suggests that no candidate for office preside at the election and that the committee on nominations, if one is used, be elected from the floor, unless the body chooses to vote that the chairman appoint such committee.

If the officers have done nothing in the year, it is common sense that it is wise to make a change. To be chosen officer in a branch is a high honor but no one should accept that honor unless he plans to accept the duties that go therewith. We find that "as are the officers, so is the Branch."

Branch officers are required to send to the National Office immediately after the election names and addresses of all officers and a report of finances and activities.

The Support Colored People Give the N.A.A.C.P.

He who reads the Annual Report of the N.A.A.C.P. realizes that here is a militant organization fighting to secure justice and opportunity for twelve million people, in accordance with the laws of this country; an organization with 21 years of remarkable accomplishments, respected by all and feared by the enemies of the Negro.

Yet it is pitiably supported, understaffed, and prevented from adequate growth because of the failure of twelve million Negroes to give sufficient funds for its maintenance. Its budget for the great national work (exclusive of the legal fund) is $60,000. It needs a junior work secretary and six regional secretaries, all of whom the Pittsburgh Annual Conference recommended. There is no money to provide for them and the staff must agonize to secure funds to keep the present work going.

Last year all Negroes gave $35,492 for its support through its branches, in response to a request for a modest sum of $50,000. Of this, the great Negro population of thirteen southern states for whom most was done, gave only $4,000, or less than $308 a state. There are dozens of Negroes in each of these states who should have given that amount and more.

This year Negroes all over the country through the branches gave up to September 30th $23,201.08. The Association has no endowment. The depression has curtailed the few contributions we receive from whites. A real emergency exists. Colored people through our branches must give now. It is necessary that we raise for national support $15,000 at least through our branches before December 15th. Branch officers must work vigorously to this end. Branch members must give and work as well. It is a time for every member to do his part. Why not give a dollar contribution for national support in this emergency? Why not get groups together to give entertainments to raise funds? Every branch must do its part.

Citadel

A Story

By JOHN F. MATHEUS

CAPE HAITIAN lies sprawling between rolling-topped mountains, her arms touching the indigo sea, her legs, the foothills. She seems not to have risen since the earthquake put her on the rack forgotten years ago. Her strength has departed, her beauty flown. The low roofed houses, the narrow streets, the stunted trees appear to await another trembling of the solid earth against which man is without defense.

Over Cape Haitian the sun is remorseless. During most of the year the land is thirsty. The prickly cactus is its symbol; dust, its decoration. Far down in the level plain lie ruins of former times; of houses; of black King Christophe's famed place of Sans Souci; of that colossal gesture of his, still dominating the landscape, adding to the mountain's top, The Citadel.

Under the spell of these grand memories, André Solon was born. He was proud of it. He loved the desolation, the wild embellishment of riotous nature, the hot dust in the dry season, the sticky mud in the wet days. During the former the heat baked, in the latter it steamed and boiled. There was heat always and always mosquitoes.

In his youth, more properly in his thirties, Solon had been sent to France. He had followed courses at the Sorbonne until he won a law degree and a young French wife. Then he had returned to his native Haiti and settled down.

Mâdame Solon was a romantic and rather shrewd bourgeois family product of a Paris *faubourg*. Her marriage to the herculean, bronzed foreigner from the magic islands of the Antilles, the voyage across the Atlantic and into the tropical blue Caribbean, the picturesque harbor of Cape Haitian, the exotic vegetation satisfied at first an adolescent craving for adventure, a sudden realization of a dream too daring even to believe possible of realization. Then the glory jellified and the form of life once set in the mould could not be changed. In the back of her blonde head she dreamed again, homesick perhaps for her native soil, disillusioned, visioned of breaking somehow the mould and of allowing her spirit to become, as it were, liquid again and free.

"Life is short. I will not be trammelled to the end."

Solon, getting on in years, had not reaped the golden harvest he once anticipated. Life was hard. One venture in politics had ruined what little he had accumulated, save his little house and lot on the edge of town, and his library.

The library was Mâdame Solon's chief anathema. She vowed *if* she continued to live with the *misérable*, she would burn his books, but she did not care that much, for she was still good-looking and female.

It was really the last straw though, this spending every extra *gourde* for books. How could a poor beggar dare become a bibliophile. But he was incorrigible and in the end if he would have no wife he would at least own the most complete collection of Haitian books extant.

The Haitians have an exasperating but easily explainable custom of publishing a novel, a book of verse, a political tract, an essay, a history in a limited edition, which is never duplicated, because the reading public, it is alleged, is too small to demand it. Consequently, the works of Haitian authors are as rare as thirteenth-century manuscripts. A rabid collector, native or foreign, hearing of the quondam publication of a certain book, must ransack the nation, implore chance owners to part with their treasures at fabulous prices. It is quite profitable for the second-hand book-dealers, and quite provoking.

Mâdame Solon was beyond words impatient and peeved to find herself neglected for the dry dust of animation when she was there in the flesh, life itself. Yet André Solon did adore his wife. There could be no doubt of that, for he was madly jealous with all his Latin inherited ideas of the inherent superiority of the male. No one can predict what might have happened if the war had not come. Mâdame probably would have gone to Paris, making Monsieur a grass widower, as well as a cuckold, for Monsieur was jealous *and* gullible.

But the war did come and shortly thereafter the Intervention. That marked the year *one* in Haitian history. All events are reckoned before the intervention, after the intervention, before the marines, after the marines.

There was terrific surprise in Cape Haitian, stronghold of freedom, redolent with memories of Christophe and the Citadel. Blood, blood had been mixed with the crumbling mortar of La Ferrière, native name of the Citadel. Groans and curses of workmen, killed in accidents, blasphemies of goaded muscles had mingled with the strident, never-resting orders of that fretful King, Christophe. So there it stood, visible from the Cape itself on a clear day, the Citadel, a rare thing, rarely thus seen.

Fighting broke out in the Cape. There was bloodshed, death in the mountains by airplane bombs, machine guns, grenades. Whenever was the *machète* master of the machine gun?

All this struck André Solon with a terrifying humiliation. White hot thoughts throbbed in his head, more powerful even than the peculiar pains that crept like snakes through his powerful chest. Was this to be the end of Christophe's challenge to posterity, this the surrender of the Citadel?

The Intervention and the war so diminished his ever-decreasing income that actual poverty stared him in the face. He sold some of their mahogany furniture to a marine officer for the latter's temporary home, squirming with shame as he accepted the money, capitulating he thought with the enemy.

It was a clear evening, when he slouched home to front defeat and his wife's sneering recriminations. When he looked up and beheld in the glimmering distance the jagged bulwark of the Citadel, sitting there proudly as it had for ten decades, he visioned the perilous path ascending, the lichen covered walls of the fortress looming up, the rambling halls, the old brass cannons, the spiderweb-covered heaps of unshot cannon balls and the view, mountain on mountain, symbol of liberty, equality, fraternity. "Beyond the mountain lie other mountains", says the peasant proverb.

André Solon felt a warm flash inundate his body, warmer than the heated air, a pity for the simple, untutored masses, chagrin for himself, shame, thwarted desire for vengeance. The inspiration came clearly as did the sight of the Citadel. He walked at once into the room he called his library, where books were piled on dusty shelves and a rickety table and chair adorned a carpetless floor.

"I will do it. I am the man."

He pulled open a drawer, jerked out a bundle of foolscap, a bottle of ink and pen. He began to write immediately. He would set down the story of Cape Haitian, as he had heard it from childhood, handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter. He would write it down in burning sentences and then sell all he had and go to France and publish it to the world, that all might remember that Haiti was no

coward, that her past was glorious, that force and strategy, bravery and sacrifice had won their liberty. He would pen a masterpiece that would blast the vicious tales circulating in Jamaica, in America, in Europe, that Haiti was a decadent, a failure. *Mais, non*! She had an illustrious past. From African seeds of long lost tribes had blossomed statesmen, orators, scholars, poets. The world would know. They must hear. It was the inspired resolution of a reborn soul.

From that day André Solon lived for his work.

Mâdame scolded until she was weary, Mâdame threatened, but André never budged, wrote right on as if pursued by furies, as if running a race with Fate. He had his secrets and he knew how to keep them.

So Mâdame had to readjust herself to this new mania of her husband. His whereabouts were always definitely known. That was of great assistance. But confidence became audacity.

There was in Cape Haitian a renegade marine, dishonorably discharged, who ran an American bar. He soon began to assert proprietary rights for he insisted on coming to her home. They met in the old wine cellar.

André probably never would have known, if the pain in his chest had not become a paroxysm one evening and the agony had pushed him from his books somewhere to seek relief. He saw them at the entrance to the cellar embracing.

Mâdame caught his agonized face and screamed. The man vacillated, hesitated, stood firm. André Solon bit his lips until they bled. He advanced tottering and struck the woman full in the face. Her companion stepped forward.

"You—damned nigger!"

But André had seized a *machète*. Before that blade, heavy and sharp, the guilty man winced and fled. Mâdame ran after him.

"You, you are Mâdame Solon? No?," said the German doctor to whom the French woman went to have the wound in her face dressed. "You know, you had better be careful for him, your husband. He has, what you call *angina pectoris*. The least excitement—you know. So!" The doctor blew a puff of smoke from pursed lips as he took from his mouth an American cigarette.

Thus Mâdame heard a verdict pronounced on the man she hated, but once loved, a death sentence.

"Queer," she thought, "how *that* would upset me."

She remembered all their courtship and honeymoon and her first vision of tropical glory. She stole back to the barren house. All was quiet. It was about nine o'clock at night. Rays of light were streaming from beneath the shutters. Solon closed the windows thus to keep out the insects that annoyed his writing. Of late he wrote night and day.

She stood in the doorway and looked.

"André! André! I'm sorry."

The robust chest and lined brown face with weary puffed eyes looked up suddenly.

"Va-t-en! Get out!" he shouted.

Picking up a paper weight he hurled it at his wife.

"If I had time, I would kill you. If I had time—God!"

His big arms fell limply on the table, his head slumped down. He wept.

The woman crept forward and put out her slender hands to touch his curly hair. As if he had felt their presence before they touched, he raised his head quickly.

"Get out, I say, and let me write—let me write."

Feverishly he reached for a sheet of paper.

"I—I—know—," began Mâdame.

She did not complete the sentence. As André Solon bent forward to get the sheet of paper, he failed to take it, but crumpled, fell as far as his sitting position would permit. He was dead.

"The funeral of the late André Solon will be held tomorrow," read the press notice the next day. *"Priez pour lui*! Pray for him!"

Mâdame was the sole heir. The estate was the house and lot, the shabby remnants of furniture and the books, *his* books. Mâdame stood in the stuffy room and fingered the dusty tomes, with their bug-eaten covers and yellow, stained pages. Mâdame sat down in the chair where sat her husband through so many torrid days and heated nights. The sun streamed in the open window. It was shining outside, dazzling. She was reading the manuscript, fascinated, turning page after page.

On and on she read, so absorbed that she did not notice the sound of footsteps, the knock, the opening of the door.

It was the owner of the American bar.

"I'm going to stay here to-night," he began abruptly.

A silence came between them. The woman paled, her nostrils sprang together.

"You get out, *Cochon, sale cochon*—pig," she screamed. "I'm busy—I have my husband's work to finish."

He left precipitously, enraged, not even seeing limned clearly in the distance on the towering summit the majestic ruins, the Citadel.

General Smuts' Return

By JACOB MOTSI

HE was looking thoughtfully out upon a host of new greens, the purple of violets, the dauntless yellow of dandelion heads. This was May in a strange country, one far removed from his native South Africa where he had just one year ago gazed upon May scenes vastly different from these. For he had been in Cape Town. And with an amused smile the narrator of the incidents that follow—told in his very words—painted native pageantry for the homecoming of one who had mocked black men in a foreign land.

"The sixteenth of May is Dingaan's Day in South Africa. Dingaan was the successor to Tshaka, the Zulu, a black Napoleon, king of Amazulu. On May 16, Dingaan deceived the Dutch and killed thousands of them. This day is still remembered in South Africa.

"May 16 in nineteen hundred and thirty will not soon be forgotten by black citizens not of Cape Town only but of the Union of South Africa. At exactly noon, on that day, black citizens showed their contempt for Smuts by burning him in effigy. General Hertzog was also burned in effigy upon this occasion. Smuts' slighting reference to the men of African blood had traveled home from America, and his remarks in England to the effect that the English had made a mistake in calling black people of America *Negroes* inasmuch as some of them 'are just as white as I.'

"Hertzog is the ingrate who, after black Africans put him into power, has stated that he will make Africa *white*. These two offenders, Hertzog and Smuts, were burned in effigy before more than five thousand natives, after having been tried by four judges of four provinces, Cape of Good Hope, Orange Free State, Transvaal and Natal, and found guilty of high offense. The fire was waiting for commands from the officers of the court, who first burned Smuts. And there arose at this scene a loud chorus of "Die, die, die!"

(*Will you please turn to page* 398)

Masterpieces of Crisis Poetry, 1910-1931

Ballade des Belles Milatraisses—1911

By ROSALIE JONAS

'TIS the Octoroon ball! And the halls are alight!
The music is playing an old-time "Galop."
The women are "fair," and the cavaliers white,
(Play on! fiddler-man, keep your eyes on your bow!)
Cocodrie! Cocodrie! what strange shadows you throw
Along the dark streets, by your hand-lantern's ray!
Light "les belles milatraisses" to the portal, that they
May pass; but is doubly barred, black slave! to you;
And the lilt of the old Creole song goes this way:
"Trouloulou! Trouloulou! c'est pas zaffaire a tou!"

. . . . . .

They are ready and willing to love or to fight!
Hot blood is aflame! and the red wine aflow!
These women are theirs! who dare question their right!
(Play on! fiddler-man, keep your eyes on your bow!)
Who is it that prowls in the dark to and fro?
To and fro—there! outside! The door bursts; and at bay!
Cocodrie! in the entrance! not easy to slay!
(Hands off! you mad fiddler! or die with him, too!)
And the lilt of the old Creole song goes this way:
"Trouloulou! Trouloulou! c'est pas zaffaire a tou!"

Envoy—The convent.

They are gone, those light gallants of times long ago!
(Fiddler-man of the past! is this dirge from your bow?)
Are these black-hooded ghosts of the dancers we knew
On their knees at the last? "C'est pas zaffaire a tou!"

The Awakening—1914

By OTTO BOHANAN

A MISTY star in a misty sky,
But never a sign of moon!
And the lone star pales to the lonely eye
'Mid the heart's lamenting croon.

A night of years and a night of tears!
Where the rain is sobbing low,
And the wild heart grieves 'mid the withered leaves,
Dead dreams of long ago!

To Keep the Memory of Charlotte Forten Grimké—1915

By ANGELINA W. GRIMKÉ

STILL are there wonders of the dark and day;
The muted shrilling of shy things at night,
So small beneath the stars and moon;
The peace, dream-frail, but perfect while the light
Lies softly on the leaves at noon.
These are, and these will be
Until eternity;
But she who loved them well has gone away.

Each dawn, while yet the east is veil'd grey,
The birds about her window wake and sing;
And far away, each day, some lark
I know is singing where the grasses swing;
Some robin calls and calls at dark.
These are, and these will be
Until eternity;
But she who loved them well has gone away.

The wild flowers that she loved down green ways stray;
Her roses lift their wistful buds at dawn,
But not for eyes that loved them best;
Only her little pansies are all gone,
Some lying softly on her breast.
And flowers will bud and be
Until eternity;
But she who loved them well has gone away.

Where has she gone? And who is there to say?
But this we know: her gentle spirit moves
And is where beauty never wanes,
Perchance by other streams, 'mid other groves:
And to us here, ah! she remains
A lovely memory
Until eternity;
She came, she loved, and then she went away.

The Zeitgeist—1915

By LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL

BEFORE the whirlwind and the thunder-shock,
The agony of nations, and this wild eruption of the passionate will of men,
These tottering bastions of mighty states,
This guillotine of culture, and this new
Unspeakable Golgotha of the Christ,
My heart declares her faith, and, undismayed,
I write her prompting—write it in that poise
Of judgment undisturbed to which our head
Admonishes the nation;

. . . . for out of this,
The Spirit saith, shall issue other breeds
Soul-wounded like my brothers, and like them
Despised and trammeled, but sent forth to teach
That nothing in the changing world endures
But truth, and love, and brotherhood and God.

Negro Soldiers—1917

By ROSCOE C. JAMISON

THESE truly are the Brave,
These men who cast aside
Old memories, to walk the blood-stained pave
Of Sacrifice, joining the solemn tide
That moves away, to suffer and to die
For Freedom—when their own is yet denied!
O Pride! O Prejudice! When they pass by,
Hail them, the Brave, for you now crucified!

These truly are the Free,
These souls that grandly rise
Above base dreams of vengeance for their wrongs,
Who march to war with visions in their eyes
Of Peace through Brotherhood, lifting glad songs
Aforetime, while they front the firing-line.
Stand and behold! They take the field today,
Shedding their blood like Him now held divine,
That those who mock might find a better way!

Lament—1925

By COUNTÉE CULLEN

NOW let all lovely things embark
Upon the sea of mist
With her whose luscious mouth the dark
Grim troudabour had kissed.

The silver clock that ticked away
Her days and never knew
Its beats were swordthrusts to the clay
That too much beauty slew.

That pillow favored with her tears,
And hallowed by her head;
I shall not even keep my fears,
Now their concern is dead.

But where shall I bury sun and rain,
How mortalize the stars,
How still the half-heard cries of pain
That seared her soul with scars?

In what sea depths shall all the seeds
  Of every flower die?
Where shall I scatter the broken reeds,
  And how erase the sky?

And where shall I find a hole so deep
  No troubled ghost may rise?
There will I put my heart to sleep
  Wanting her face and eyes.

Cross—1925

By LANGSTON HUGHES

MY old man's a white old man
  And my old mother's black.
If ever I cursed my white old man
  I take my curses back.

If ever I cursed my black old mother
  And wished she were in hell,
I'm sorry for that evil wish
  And now I wish her well.

My old man died in a fine big house,
  My ma died in a shack.
I wonder where I'm gonna die,
  Being neither white nor black.

Song of the Son—1922

By JEAN TOOMER

POUR, O pour, that parting soul in song,
O pour it in the sawdust glow of night,
Into the velvet pine-smoke air tonight,
And let the valley carry it along,
And let the valley carry it along.

O land and soil, red soil and sweet-gum tree,
So scant of grass, so profligate of pines,
Now just before an epoch's sun declines
Thy son, in time, I have returned to thee.
Thy son, I have in time returned to thee.

In time, for though the sun is setting on
A song-lit race of slaves, it has not set;
Though late, O soil, it is not too late yet
To catch thy plaintive soul, leaving, soon gone,
Leaving, to catch thy plaintive soul soon gone.

O Negro slaves, dark-purple ripened plums,
Squeezed, and bursting in the pine-wood air,
Passing, before they stripped the old tree bare
One plum was saved for me, one seed becomes

An everlasting song, a singing tree,
Carolling softly souls of slavery,
All that they were, and that they are to me,—
Carolling softly souls of slavery.

Nocturne at Bethesda—1926

By ARNA BONTEMPS

I THOUGHT I saw an angel flying low,
I thought I saw the flicker of a wing
Above the mulberry trees; but not again.
Bethesda sleeps. This ancient pool that healed
A host of bearded Jews does not awake.

This pool that once the angels troubled does not move.
No angel stirs it now, no Saviour comes
With healing in his hands to raise the sick
And bid the lame man leap upon the ground.

The golden days are gone. Why do we wait
So long upon the marble steps, blood
Falling from our open wounds? And why
Do our black faces search the empty sky?
Is there something we have forgotten? some precious thing
We have lost, wandering in strange lands?

There was a day, I remember now,
I beat my breast and cried, "Wash me, God,

Wash me with a wave of wind upon
The barley; O quiet One, draw near, draw near!
Walk upon the hills with lovely feet
And in the waterfall stand and speak.

"Dip white hands in the lily pool and mourn
Upon the harps still hanging in the trees
Near Babylon along the river's edge.
But, oh, remember me I pray, before
The Summer goes and rose leaves lose their red."

An ancient terror takes my heart, the fear
Of quiet waters and of faint twilights.
There will be better days when I am gone
And healing pools where I cannot be healed.
Fragrant stars will gleam forever and ever
Above the place where I lie desolate.

The Exodus Scene in "Green Pastures"—The spiritual climax of the play—as drawn by Camilo Egas, the noted artist of Equador

"Lord, I don't feel in no ways tired
"Children, shout God's glory, Hallelujah!
"I'm a gonta shout glory
"When this world's on fire."

OUR READERS SAY

My Dear Mr. Du Bois:

I remember the high hopes and enthusiasm with which the official publication of the N. A. A. C. P. was inaugurated, or rather, was discovered to exist as a piece of valid journalism. I have read it through the twenty-one years of its existence, and am happy to congratulate the editor and the staff upon their able achievement.

With all good wishes to THE CRISIS *for the years of usefulness stretching ahead of it, I am*

Faithfully yours,

Jane Addams,

IN Gilbert's delightful comic opera, Iolanthe, Private Willis sings a song that ends this way—

"Then let's rejoice with loud Fal-lal
That nature wisely doth contrive
That every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Radi-cal
Or else a little Conservat-i-ve."

Probably pretty near all of us have in our make-up something of both. The question is which attitude predominates, which sets the main trend of character and policy. It is so with groups of people. One party is for moving slowly, the other party wants to get on faster. The history of progress in the world's civilization shows that we really need both kinds. Wisdom is justified of all her children.

Everybody knows to which group THE CRISIS belongs. It was needed as a mouthpiece of progress twenty-one years ago. It is still needed on its majority birthday. It will be needed so long as justice lags, so long as we lack the conviction that men are brothers the world over. To it and its able staff please permit me to offer my greetings and congratulations.

JAMES H. DILLARD,
President of the Slater and Jeanes Funds.

I AM sorry that it is not possible for me to write the short article which you request in your letter of September 12. My professional obligations and commitments for October and November are so numerous and difficult that I literally have not a minute for outside activity. I do, however, take this opportunity to congratulate THE CRISIS on successful completion of twenty-one years of active service.

NEWTON D. BAKER,
Former U. S. Secretary of War.

MY DEAR MR. DU BOIS:

I want to take this opportunity of extending, through you, my best wishes to the Crisis Magazine on its twenty-first anniversary. It has performed a noteworthy service in that it has stimulated thought and discussion among our colored American citizens, and on thought and discussion the advancement of civilization depends. I sincerely hope that there lie before it many more years of useful service.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I ESPECIALLY want to thank you for your work in THE CRISIS of September. The symposium by Senators Capper, Fess, Bulkley, Norris and Borah, and your analysis of them are much needed, and certainly your postscript on the relations of the American Negro and Russian Communism is most timely.

I am just wondering if you see the current issues of The Communist. I am sure it is on sale at the Rand School around the corner from you. But it has been specializing on Negro propaganda for several months, and the mob in New York sustained a very close relation to what has been in that review.

I want to thank you again, my dear Doctor Du Bois for that "Silver Fleece" of yours and indeed for all your books. I have followed you ever since the old Atlanta days where I called on you while you were Professor there.

CLAUDIUS B. SPENCER,
Missouri.

I SEE by the papers that Dr. Dan. Williams of Chicago left half of his estate to the N. A. A. C. P. That is the finest news in many a day. As our stronger professional men become prosperous, it is singularly gratifying that the central organization for our improvement should have such a large place in their thought.

And I do not think I have written you about the Du Bois Literary Prize. You and the whole country are to be congratulated on that too.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY,
D. C.

IT gave me great joy to read in the paper the other day that you are bringing out a history of Reconstruction.

At last the ignorant and gullible American public will receive the facts about the most maligned era in our history.

And receive them from an expert and scholarly writer. For if anyone is fitted to do justice to the Reconstruction epoch 'tis the author of "The Negro."

I hope that in a preliminary chapter you will pay some attention to the thesis so popular in the north nowadays to the effect that if the south had only been let alone it would have abolished slavery voluntarily in short order—say not later than 1870.

PAUL MUNTER,
New York.

WHILE the white friends of Nancy Cunard were indulging simply in hysterics as to the friendship between Nancy and Henry Crowder, what were Henry's colored friends doing? This is a question upon which Nancy Cunard has not touched, and of which perhaps she knows nothing. My experience with colored people has been such that I would venture a shrewd guess that Henry was treated to a sweating process much more annoying than any experience that Nancy was subject to. I know of a friendship between a white woman and a colored man in regard to which the white friends of "Nancy" knowing "Henry" found him charming and made no objection whatsoever; but the colored friends of "Henry," some of whom professed to think "Nancy" charming (she was, and Henry's equal in every respect) treated "Henry" to cautions, warnings, snubbings, and slights, and even accused him of being "a traitor to his race" on account of his friendship with her. Do you think that I exaggerate the case? Is not this the usual attitude of colored people toward such a friendship to say nothing of an alliance, even of the intelligensia? How are we to have social equality in America if the colored people object to such

friendships even more than white people do? Unless indeed, the Nancys and Henrys pay no attention.

Nancy Cunard and Henry Crowder are of the substance of which real people are made. Would that there were more like them in America, of both colors.

MELVINA MONTROSE,
Chicago.

WHILE I am not authorized by the Pulitzer people to do so, and while this lack of authority robs you of the material benefits and the spiritual satisfaction that go with it, I am nevertheless passing to you the prize for the best editorial of the year 1931. Even though the year has not passed into history, there has not been, so far as I know, and there cannot possibly be written during the remainder of the year an editorial so fine, so brilliant and so masterful as "The Negro and Communism" which appears in the current issue of THE CRISIS which came to me today. In all of its aspects it is surprising in art and logic. The incisive and irrefutable assault which you therein make upon the attitude of white labor and its leaders is magnificently courageous, while your defense of the philosophy of the program and of the operations of the N. A. A. C. P. is irresistibly convincing and very timely.

While to get real mad too often is not good for the heart beat, I do enjoy the fruits of your occasionally sublime fits of rage. God knows you have enough occasions.

I should have written you last month about a part of your comment in the article, "The Year in Negro Education." Referring to discrimination in Northern Colleges, you list the Catholic University of America among the colleges which "have hitherto refused to admit Negroes."

To my knowledge at least four Negroes have been admitted to the Catholic University of America, and I remember that two were honored with degrees.

J. K. LOVE,
Kansas.

PERMIT me to congratulate you on your recent drubbing of the Communists and their tactics in THE CRISIS. Yours was a masterly analysis and criticism to which the Communists will be hard put to reply intelligently.

As you know, I have been attacking the tactics of the Communists in dealing with the Negro (or Caucasian) question for many years. As early as June, 1923, I debated with one of the Harlem Communists on the question.

Although you were most polite in handling the Communists in your article, I believe the hard fact remains that they are a menace to the Negro. This is largely due to the fact that they outlaw the "heresy" of exceptionalism: i. e., the theory that different tactics are necessary in differing environments. It was for holding this belief that the Lovestone group was thrown out of the party on ukase from Moscow. And yet, despite the expressed belief of these Communists that the same tactics are applicable and feasible in every part of the world, I notice that no interracial dances have been staged by them in Birmingham, Atlanta and other Dixie towns.

These people are making the Negro the goat, and the quicker Negroes find that out the better off they will be. If the Communists were intelligent and sincere, they would concentrate their efforts on the white proletariat who need "emancipating" far more than the Negroes.

GEORGE S. SCHUYLER.

P. S. Meantime, I am organizing Negro consumers.

MAGAZINES like your valued issues of THE CRISIS print from time to time expressions of fiery resentment called forth by joking nicknames for Negroes. This seems unfortunate, though doubtless natural. Self-respect is right enough, but carried to the point of touchiness it hurts the person himself. Good humor has been one of the greatest contributions of the African to our civilization.

Of course there are limits. "Nigger" is an ugly sounding word in itself, like "sheeny" as a name for a Jew. Any name used in contempt of good citizens ought to be resented to the death. But "darkey" and "coon" and the jolly title of "Midnight" have a redeeming cheerfulness. There is nothing more tiresome in America of today than a race that goes around with a chip on its shoulder.

Many a Yankee boy has learned that a wiser policy is to take the name "redhead" with the gleam of a smile than to go to court about it. I did. I hope the Negroes of this country will keep on at their splendid constructive work for the nation and find themselves busy enough to ignore the banter that is the lot of all racial traits.

HENRY W. LITCHFIELD,
Massachusetts.

I HAVE been a reader of the CRISIS for several years and after reading each issue I have had to suppress a strong urge to write you some criticism or praise.

This time I am not suppressing my urge for I want to add my little word of encouragement to the writer of "Honor." I consider it the most promising bit of fiction that I have ever seen in the CRISIS. Undoubtedly, the writer possesses talent and I hope she will continue to develop it for we need more colored women who can lead their sex to a broader realization of their possibilities.

I wish this writer success, as I wish success to all colored women, especially those of darker skin, who have worthy ambitions for the betterment of their race.

The colored man has his obstacles to surmount; but the colored woman has at least two to his one and her's is, of course, the greater responsibility.

As for my opinion of the CRISIS, I read it as soon as it arrives. There are, of course, things that could be criticised. But on the whole, I consider the magazine an outstanding tribute to the accomplishments of the Negro race. It should be an inspiration to all young colored people, and should be read by all colored people in the United States who can read.

If my wish could be fulfilled every white boy and white girl of high school age or older, would be readers of the CRISIS.

Good luck and kind personal regards, though you will hardly remember ever having seen me.

A WHITE MAN, N. J.

MY paramount purpose in addressing you these few lines will, I am sure, merit the action herein. I have two daughters attending the Old Say Brook Graded School. One in the seventh, and one in the eighth grade; also one niece. They have always got along good in school until this year. My daughters have made perfect attendance for three years, they are not saucy or impudent to their teachers, neither are they lazy in school. They both love to go to school but for some reason the teacher of the eighth grade would not instruct them in any of their studies and has told them before the whole class that they could "go to Glory to get a lesson," etc. They were told at the beginning of the school term by the teacher they would not get promoted. We have by her own hand writing she could not teach them. She was mean to them in every way that she could be and has exercised prejudice at every turn. If they would ask her to help them in any work she always refused. She would not even correct any of their work for a week and sometimes not at all. And today there are girls going into high school that are not as fit to go as my daughters and niece. I have consulted the supervisor of the schools and everything that I can do is ignored. Now I have to repeat this over another year and you know that the cost of sending a girl of fifteen or sixteen years through the eighth grade another year is an extra heavy expense; and then the next year they will want her taken out of school—they have done such a thing up here.

I want my daughters to have a good education and they want to get one also.

(Will you please turn to page 396)

Now And Then

By EDNA PORTER.

"Now and Then" was submitted to THE CRISIS *by Miss Edna Porter, the actress, who is now connected with the Actors' Equity Association. She is a great friend of Clarence Darrow and was born in Louisiana.*

SOMETIMES, it is more of a treat to pick up an old book and find out what they thought at the time of writing along certain lines than to read a "latest hit."

The other day, the autobiography of a European actress who played in America, too, fell into my hands again. The book was by Helen von Racowitza, the famous beauty for whom Ferdinand Lassalle fought and died.

Princess Helene von Racowitza was a very clever, capable and observing woman. She was clever in that she could step out of royalty and make her own living on the stage in the sixties and seventies; capable in that she could do almost anything when necessity demanded. And observing because she saw ahead of the time and crowd.

The book was written after her return to Europe and was translated from the German and published in America in 1910. Her memory served her well and vivid pictures were drawn. It seems like yesterday to read:

"One knows, and everybody then (1880's) knew, that in free Republican America, all those who think otherwise than those in power, find there is nothing more brutal, more corrupt, than the New York police. Revolvers are only used in extreme cases, but with their clubs (terribly long weapons which are made of oak-wood and slung to leather straps) they inflict the most horrible wounds, and hew down mercilessly children, women, and defenseless men. They can vie well with the notorious Russian Cossacks." She had witnessed a Union Square riot.

Her ideas along the color line are expressed very bravely in quaint language:

"The reminiscences of those American years accumulate, and much still remains that would be interesting to relate; but I will not extend them too much, and will only mention a few well-known, original people, who at the same time offer a good picture of many American peculiarities. Two names stand out above all others in my mind's eye—Ottilie Assing and Fred Douglass. The former was a sister of Ludmilla Assing, and was brought up with her in her uncle Varnhagen von Ense's house. She was the cleverer, although the less pushing, of the two. The influence of the learned men of her time, especially of the two brothers Alexander and Wilhelm von Humbolt, was distinctly noticeable, and her splendid education and refined manners, as also those of 'Rahel' and of the aesthetics in Varnhagen's *salon*. She had come to North America full of the warmest compassion for the poor slaves of the southern states, and had placed herself here at the disposal of the liberators.

"After all kinds of dangers, which she had passed through in saving Negro slaves who were persecuted by the incensed government of the southern states, she became one of the heads in the society in New York for their help and protection. Some of them had succeeded in escaping from bondage; but, hunted and without means, they would have perished, if other members of that society had not sent them secretly one to another, and hidden the poor fugitives for months at a time, at the risk of death to themselves through the revenge of the Southerners.

"Thus Ottilie Assing made the acquaintance of Fred Douglass, who had also fled from slavery. She had taken him in, and found in him an unusually gifted being.

"His mother—a jet black Negress—had brought him into the world during the first half of the nineteenth century, on a plantation of the rich white American Lloyd, whom one suspected of being his father. Even as a little boy, when he saw the master's children reading and amusing themselves over what they read, he wept bitterly at not knowing this art. Against the master's wishes, he found means to learn how to read, reckon, and write.

"He was on good terms with his possessor or, as was whispered, his father. The latter did not want any 'educated slaves,' and sold him at last into another state.

"Fred always strove to extend his knowledge, and succeeded with the greatest difficulty in obtaining a first-class school education. After his successful flight, which he describes very picturesquely in a book, *My Bondage and Freedom*, he came to Ottilie Assing who instructed him still further. She kept him, I believe, hidden in her house for two years, and had the pleasure of seeing him become one of the most eminent men of the United States, and one who distinguished himself alike, during war and peace.

"He travelled all through England and Canada, also the whole of the Northern States, and proved himself everywhere a brilliant orator. In the national war, which was fought for his black brothers, and which ended at last in their deliverance, he came to the fore. Lincoln, the most famous of all American Presidents, placed especial confidence in him, asked his advice, and took him into the State service. When my husband (Serge von Schewitsch) and I made his acquaintance in 1878, he was occupying the exalted post of Marshal of the United States in Washington. Karl Schurz—our great German compatriot—considered Fred Douglass among his intimate friends. Every child in America knew Fred. We found in him a tall, handsome leonine man, a type in whom the mixture of races (for he thought he had Indian blood in his veins) had had the happiest results. His rare and universal knowledge was particularly noticeable in America, where only the most elementary school education predominates. His fascinating manner and amiability had lost none of the softness of character which stamps the Negro in his national songs, and which makes the men and women of his race such desirable servants. Our old friend Ottilie Assing had taught him the most perfect manner. In brief, we found in him one of the cleverest and pleasantest men whom we knew. He combined equally wit and humorous views of life with deep earnestness and learning.

"When quite a young slave, and long before he was free, he had married a coal-black Negress and had a black family. He sent for the whole family, and lived in happy wedlock with his wife until her death.

"Good Ottilie's ageing heart, as was natural, was centered upon the dark, handsome Fred—the handiwork of her spirit. She respected his bonds of wedlock, but no doubt, hoped that when death released him from his coloured spouse, he would lay his freedom at her feet.

"The poor thing was bitterly disappointed. Fred Douglass, whose hair was now snow-white, contrasting with the dusky color of his skin, lost his wife through death, but he offered his hand to a younger white woman who had been his secretary when he was in the service of the State.

My friend Ottilie, who had hitherto been so brave, now in her despair com-

(*Will you please turn to page* 396)

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

EUROPE

¶ On Friday, June 5, the annual meeting of the League of Colored Peoples was held in London. Dr. Harold A. Moody was elected President and Mitra Sininan, Secretary. The Secretary was elected to represent the League at the Conference on African Children in Geneva. Among the speakers was Paul Robeson, Sir Harry Armstrong, formerly British Consul to the United States, and Ellen Wilkinson, member of Parliament. At a second meeting in July, the Secretary reported on the Geneva Conference. A resolution recommending affiliation with the N. A. A. C. P. was held over for consideration.

¶ On May 31, West Africa celebrated the 21st birthday of the Union of South Africa. *Our Heritage*, a South African publication, says:

Our Colored and Native people have been the worst sufferers of all. If the Indians, for example, rightly protest at rights being trampled upon, at least, they can look back to their own homeland. If the Jews dissent at legislation pitted against them should they dare enter the Mother City, from the seas, at any rate they can retreat to their own land and their own Mother City—Jerusalem. Uitlanders generally have at least some land they can call their own. For them there is a way of escape.

For the Colored and Native people of this country—there at once the tragedy and there the cruelty and tenfold injustice. . . . in their own land the elementary rights of citizenship are denied them. And they have no retreat.

¶ An American Negro who has not been in France for 10 years writes of a recent visit:

The three things that impressed me most, things that did not exist when you were last here: The exposition. The Gaumont. Josephine Baker.

The exposition merits success, and success it is having. It is the greatest education for the world what the darker races have done and are capable of doing. The Temple D'Angkor-Vat is a gem. France stands first in her attitude toward the colonial natives, but may the day come when all her colonies will be like France herself—free.

The Gaumont is the most stupendous "movie picture house" I have ever stepped in. The interior and exterior aspect at night is as beautiful as it is majestic.

Josephine Baker is the greatest artist on the French stage. She is the most popular actor in Europe.

¶ A minority report has been filed with the League of Nations at Geneva declaring that in the last election in Liberia Thomas J. R. Faulkner was elected President and not Mr. Barclay, who holds the position. A delegation,

The French Colonial Exposition.
Detail of decorations with African motifs

Recent Masters of Arts

H. D. Weaver
Ohio State

M. L. Williams
Ohio State

C. B. Lindsay
Michigan

M. A. Roberts
Illinois

R. C. Weaver
Harvard

consisting of Dr. F. W. M. Morias and Mr. N. H. Sie Brownell, brought the report to Geneva.

AMERICA

¶ The Resolutions of the Seventh Annual Conference of the Federated Colored Catholics of the United States contained the following passages:

We hope that the barriers which have heretofore so largely prevailed against the enjoyment by our youth of the priceless benefits of Catholic higher education will soon be but a memory. We believe that the more intimately the members of the American Hierarchy are acquainted with the problems that confront the American Negro in his struggle for education, the sooner will all obstacles to his progress of the race be overcome. For this reason we recommend that a committee of the Federation be appointed at each annual Convention to represent to the assembled Hierarchy the situation of Negro education, as seen by members of the group, at their annual meeting.

The Convention is also gratified to learn that our Holy Father has raised to the episcopal dignity one of our race in the person of the Right Reverend Childane Mariam Cassa, D. D., Bishop of Uganda in Africa. Together with the remarkable growth of the native African clergy, we see in this event another recognition of the principle of the establishment of a native clergy, so constantly insisted upon by the Holy See. We urge that this principle be wholeheartedly recognized in the United States and that every opportunity be afforded to our youth and also every educational facility to follow the divine vocation to the clerical and to the religious state.

Dr. Thomas W. Turner was re-elected President of the organization.

¶ A biennial survey of education, 1928-1930, issued by the United States Department of the Interior, has this note about Howard University:

A very significant milestone in the progress of Negro higher education is the new plan of development of Howard University in Washington. Under the old plan the university lacked a recognized policy in its relation to the Federal Government. As this relationship had never been properly defined, it was difficult to determine a satisfactory financial program. Through efforts of President Mordecai W. Johnson, with the cooperation of officials of the Government, steps were taken to give the university a more definite status in its relation to the Government. As a result, in 1928 Congress authorized the granting of regular appropriations to Howard University, and at the instance of a special committee of Government and university officials and Members of Congress especially interested, requested the preparation of an adequate educational and financial program to be the basis for future cooperative relations between Congress and the trustees of the university. This plan was prepared in 1930 and adopted by all the authorities concerned. The carrying out of this plan should bring Howard University in the future to a ranking position among American universities and make it a national center of Negro culture and intellectual achievement.

¶ Newman Burrell received one of the awards presented by the Harmon Foundation of New York in a country-wide series of awards for the blind. One hundred and nine awards were made among five hundred entrants. Burrell is 34 years of age and has been totally blind for ten years. He was given a bronze medal and $20 for the progress he had made at the Virginia School for Deaf and Blind at Newport News.

AFRICA

¶ The depression has caused wide unrest in Africa, many of the natives thinking that their reduced income is the result of the usual cheating at the hands of colonial officials, which they

Theodorus Convalius
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Willie J. Dobbs
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Mark E. Parks
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Mrs. R. L. Dougherty
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J. D. McGhee
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have come to expect. This was probably one of the causes of the Kwango revolt in the Belgian Congo, the disturbances in the Leopold district. There have also been reported uprisings in Katanga and at Sakania.

¶ A trade agreement between Japan and the Union of South Africa is causing a good deal of apprehension in the latter country for fear that Japanese goods will undersell local products.

¶ The Nyali Bridge, the largest Pontoon bridge in the world, has been opened between Mombasa Island and the main land, East Africa. One million rivets were used and the whole work was done by trained natives.

¶ The Uganda cotton crop will reach 300,000 bales and is the largest since 1926.

¶ Kenya Colony is in East Africa and is the center of the agitation for white supremacy in Africa. It is interesting to know that the police force of Kenya consists of 135 white people, 49 Asiatics and 2,051 Africans! It costs for maintenance $860,000 a year.

¶ S. W. Duncan, a Negro of Cape Coast, Gold Coast, British Africa, is establishing a new industry through the use of machines which he has invented to transform cassava. They manufacture from this tropical fruit tapioca starch and cassava meal. A company is being formed for development.

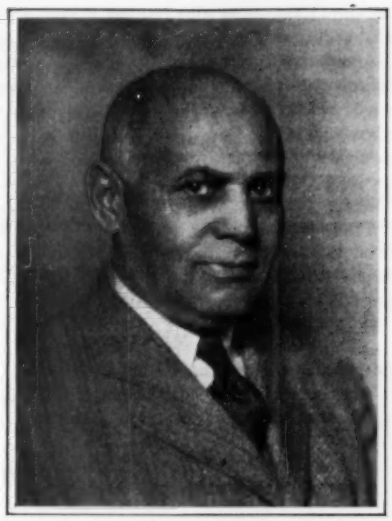
¶ Sergeant Major James Benin of the Nigerian Police force has received the police medal. He has served for sixteen years and has been commended fourteen times.

¶ The French government paid the expenses of travel and maintenance of forty African chiefs from British West Africa on their visit to the Colonial Exposition in Paris.

¶ Lajuwon Epega has written in the *West African Review* an article on a West African nation. He thinks this will begin with centers of crystalization all over tropical Africa, with English as the common language. He sees in the Advisory Council of Northern Nigeria and the National Congress of British West Africa two beginnings of this movement.

¶ At Heilbron, in the North of the Orange Free State, an English scientist has found ancient dwellings and signs of civilization like those of Zimbabwe. There are preserved corpses and a smelting plant, together with stone houses. Two races are distinguishable: one tall and one like the Bushmen.

¶ Dr. Erich Weinzeinger, writing from Abyssinia notes the difficult financial position of the Kingdom of Ethiopia and advocates lease of land for ninety years instead of thirty, as at present; free import of machines; the abolition of taxes on internal trade; an immigration bureau encouraging European immigration; the building of roads and reforestration of certain areas; a reform of the courts which should bring in persons skilled in foreign judicial experience to sit with the Abyssinian judges; and finally, careful carrying out of the anti-slavery agreement. Some of these proposals point in dangerous directions but nevertheless, there is evidently much here Ethiopia ought to heed.



Dr. W. G. Huffman
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¶ Various plans have been proposed to stabilize the price of cocoa on the Gold Coast, West Africa. One Englishman proposes to destroy enough cocoa to keep the price up, while another proposes to peg the price at $150 a ton, claiming that the Gold Coast produces so large a proportion of the world's cocoa that it could dictate the price.

¶ The Barrett case in the Gold Coast Colony, B. W. A., is an astonishing commentary upon the degeneration of British justice in the colonies. Barrett was a white man who owned all the shares in a company and voted himself a bonus. Later, when the company was sold he was accused of fraud. He was convicted and refused an appeal by the same judge who presided at his trial; he was refused the right to appeal his case to the Privy Council of England and stayed three years in jail, losing money and health. Finally, a British barrister took the case on charity and won his vindication through a "pardon," and an indemnity of $25,000 and costs. One has only to consider how many black men in British West Africa, with neither money nor friends, have been thus summarily convicted with no chance for appeal to unprejudiced judges. Even the newly established West African Court of Appeals, consisting as it does of local judges, does not entirely meet the situation.

President Charles A. Florence
Lincoln University, Mo.

¶ A company at Onitsha, Southern Nigeria, West Africa, has been formed to erect a moving picture house, printing works, tea gardens and an electric power station. The land owners are black chiefs and the conductor and solicitor and two of the contractors are black men. The directors and managers are white Englishmen.

¶ In spite of the financial depression, the importation of liquor last year into Africa outside of Egypt and the Union of South Africa shows the following facts: The Gold Coast has imported 479,999 gallons; Nigeria, 425,414 gallons; Sierra Leone, 34,777 gallons; Southern Rhodesia, 112,819 gallons; Kenya and Uganda, 94,028 gallons. English vested interests make it almost impossible to stop this flood of liquor.

¶ The new Kumasihene, the successor of Nana Prempeh, took his Stool August 6. He is Nana Osei Agyimar Prempeh II. Before assuming this dignity, he was a trader on the Coast, and is now titular King of Ashanti under the British Dominion.

¶ The *Fortnightly Review* has two articles about Negroes: one on French Colonies where the black population is not increasing as the French wish, and the other on the black belt of the Carribean. Carleton Beals describes the increase of the Negro element in the Carribean and also the tendency of American capital to reduce this element to semi-slavery.

¶ Richard Coleman, an official on the Gold Coast, has been installed as the successor of the Omanhin of Abura who died in 1927. He takes the title of Nana Otu VII. He was born in 1890 and is a firm believer in Agriculture for the economic independence of his people.

¶ In French West Africa as soon as a school is established it is immediately overcrowded with students. Frequently native chiefs build their own schools, and on the Ivory Coast the villagers

pay the teachers' salaries. Pupils, in some cases, come from ten to thirty miles to attend. From these regional schools, pupils are selected for the superior primary schools and other high schools. At present, in the School of Apprenticeship, there are 685 student handicraftsmen.

¶ The 1931 budget for the French West African colonies was $41,000,000.

¶ The first great Egyptian empire was overthrown by an invasion of the so-called Hyksos kings from Asia. They ruled Egypt for five hundred years. All of the Sphinxes of the Hyksos, including the great Sphinx, have Negroid faces and there is evidence that the Hyksos had Negro blood. At any rate, recently Sir Flinders Petrie has excavated a Hyksos city dating back 2,250 years before Christ. It is a city carefully laid out with defenses and remains of pottery and may represent a city which the Hyksos conquered.

¶ It is estimated that there are two million slaves in Abyssinia.

¶ The Conference of Rulers held at Kaduna, Nigeria, marks an important advance in self-government. The Conference consisted of 23 European officials, 5 non-official Europeans, and 49 African rulers. They discussed administration, grain reserves, demonstration farms, health and other administrative and economic matters. The meeting was held last December and the report recently issued is published in English, Hausa and Arabic.

¶ The reply of the Emperor of Abyssinia to the British Anti-Slavery Society contains the following statements:

We agree on principles. We have definitely decided to improve progressively the regulations concerning the status of slavery and to suppress slavery altogether. We have undertaken freeing the slaves still owned by the public; traffic in slaves we have already prohibited. In some of the worst cases we have gone so far as to inflict death.

We have no doubt that you realize the seriousness of our efforts and the labor it has cost to obtain the preliminary results known to you, and to lay the foundations of the great emancipation work. Certain persons, forgetful of the fact that slavery was once universal, and probably unconscious of what we have already accomplished, exaggerate for their own ends, when referring to Ethiopia. We are confident that you who have made it your special duty to study these problems, know better what a delicate task it is to abolish this old custom, and how over-hasty steps may easily have unhappy consequences. History shows that time is an important factor for the liberation of slaves.

Although the status of slavery still exists in Ethiopia, it would be unjust to put Ethiopian slavery on a par with the industrialized forms of slavery of Europe and America in former days, which the Western mind nowadays connects with this word. The difference is, above all, that slaves in Ethiopia are not deprived of anything to hope for in life as were their former brethren in the West. Our Christian people is not averse from seeing slaves hold posts, own property, embrace Christianity and learn trades, and in this respect it is a people that deserves praise.

THE EAST

¶ Erskine G. Roberts has just received a $500 scholarship from Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is a 1930 graduate from Northwestern University, with a B. S. in Mechanical Engineering. At present, he is a graduate student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

¶ Ralph C. Weaver received his Master of Arts from Harvard University and has completed his resident work for the doctorate. He is specializing in Economics and stood fourth in a class of twenty. He was trained at Harvard, where he received three prizes for debating.

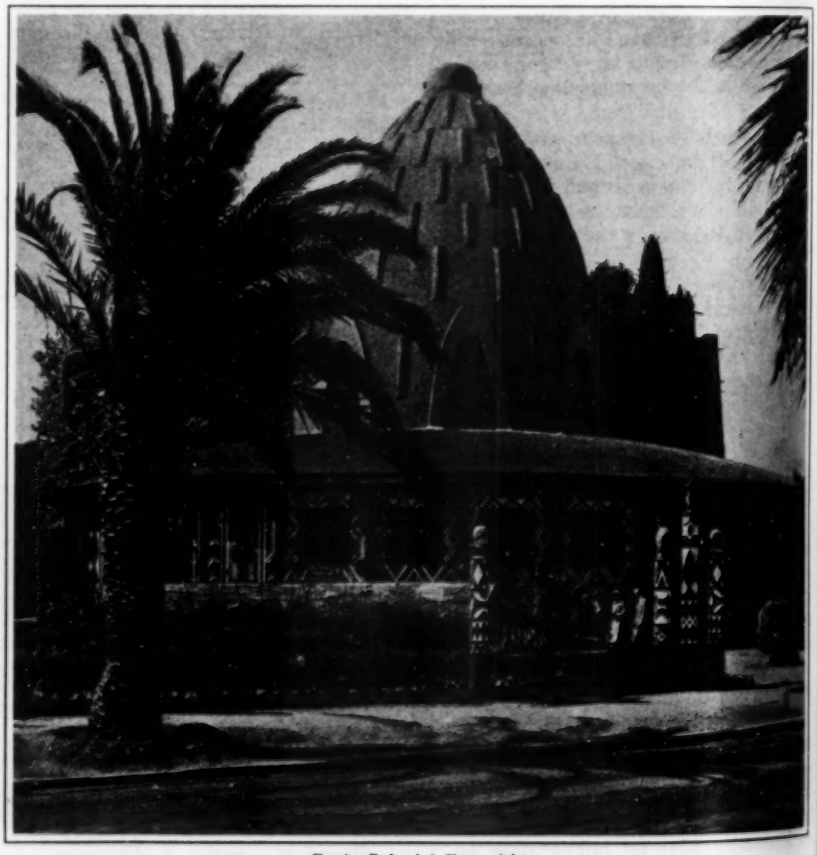
¶ The Very Reverend Mother Mary Theodore, Foundress and Superior General of the Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, a colored Catholic Community of Nuns, is dead in New York City. Her name was Elizabeth Barbara Williams. She was born in Louisiana and founded the Order in 1918 for missionary work among colored children. At present there are twenty-two Sisters, ten Novices, nine Postulants and ten Aspirants. Their chief work is the direction of St. Benedict Day Nursery in West 132nd Street, N. Y., together with a home for working girls. Her work was originally begun in Savannah but afterward moved to New York.

¶ Mark E. Parks, of New York City, is Assistant Instructor in Biology at New York University. He directs the laboratory work of a section of students.

¶ Joseph D. McGhee is working for a Masters' Degree in Physics at Columbia University. He was trained at Atlanta University and Lincoln and ranks, according to the professor of Mathematics, as "one of the best students in my class in differential equations." His average was 93.5% in a class of thirty.

¶ Paul Green's new play "The House of Connelly," has been staged in New York City. In the caste are two colored actresses, Fannie De Knight and Rose McClendon.

¶ The Jamaica Long Island branch of the N. A. A. C. P. shows what one organization can do to help a great cause.



Paris Colonial Exposition
Palace of French West Africa

President William S. Nelson
Shaw University

It was established in 1927 and in the last five years has been asked by the National Office to raise $900. It has actually raised, up until June 30, 1931, $3,211. In addition to that, it has stopped discrimination at a theatre, stopped attacks upon the home of a colored property owner, investigated the killing of a man by a policeman, and co-operated with the Red Cross. The Chairman of the recent campaign committee is Mrs. R. L. Dougherty.

BORDER STATES

¶ The Hall-Johnson Choir sang to an audience of eight thousand people at the Stadium at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, this summer. It was the largest audience that had ever gathered there and repeated encores were demanded.

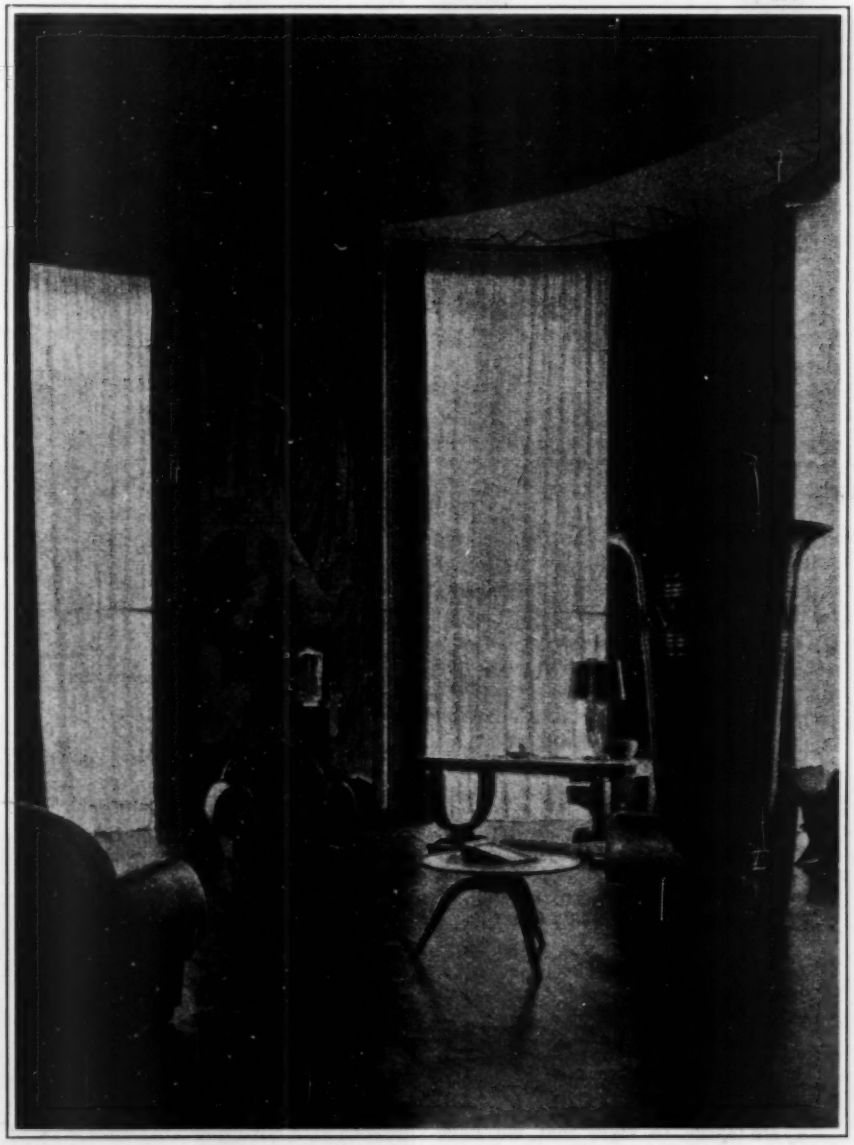
¶ George W. Mitchell, a lawyer in Philadelphia, died recently. Mr. Mitchell was born in Virginia and trained at Howard. He went to Philadelphia as a young man in 1895 and after a difficult struggle established himself as an attorney, giving most of his time to civil cases and property rights. He was at his death the attorney for a number of colored building and loan associations.

¶ A colored committee is trying to bring to the attention of the Yorktown Centennial celebration the fact that Negroes took a large part in the Revolutionary War and ought to be represented in that pageant.

¶ Dr. Ernest E. Just, head of the Department of Sociology at Howard University, has returned from Germany where he has been working with the celebrated Professor Hartman.

¶ Wellington Adams of Washington, a colored composer, has recently completed the music to a group of Edna St. Vincent Millay's new poems.

Mrs. W. S. Nelson



French Colonial Exposition
An African Corner

THE MIDDLE WEST

¶ Harold D. Weaver received his Master of Arts at Ohio State University in August.

¶ Dr. W. G. Huffman is a physician in Richmond, Indiana. He was born in Xenia, Ohio, and trained at Oberlin and

Mother Mary Theodore. Page 388

the Medical Department of Western Reserve University. He served in the Medical Corps at Fort Riley, Kansas, during the war as Captain. At present, he is physician for the County Jail, physician and surgeon for the Police Department, and medical examiner for the United States Veterans' Bureau. He has two children, one in a high school and one at the University. He is a man of wealth and wide influence. His mother was an English woman and his father an American Negro.

¶ Western Reserve University enrolled 1930-31 twenty-five colored men and forty-seven women. Degrees were conferred as follows: four Bachelor, one Doctor of Medicine, and nine Masters.

¶ A group of young white lawyers, mostly graduates of the Harvard Law School, has formed a council to defend colored tenants in the rent emergency cases in Chicago. They are assisted by a group of white and colored people.

¶ William A. Shepard, a colored man of Chicago, applied to the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago for admission and a room in the dormitory. He received from the Assistant Superintendent, D. L. Foster, a reply admitting him but saying:

"I am sorry to state that we have never been able to care for our colored students here on the grounds. We have a large number of them and we praise God for them."

Can't you see this delightful hypocrite "praising God?"

¶ Crawford B. Lindsay received his Master of Arts in English at the University of Michigan in June.

SOUTH EAST

¶ Miss Mary L. Williams received her A. M. from Ohio State University, August 28, 1931. Miss Williams is head of the English Department, Garnett High School, Charleston, West Virginia, and Secretary of the State Teachers' Association.

¶ Wilbert Warren of Morehouse College, an amateur artist has held an art exhibit of paintings at Giles Hall, Spelman College. It consists of 28 water colors, 3 oils and a number of drawings. Over three hundred persons attended and voted on the best picture. Number 41, a portrait of W. E. B. Du Bois, received the highest number of votes.

¶ "Heaven Bound," a Twentieth Century Negro Miracle play, has been written by Mrs. Lulu B. Jones and Mrs. Nellie Davis of Atlanta. It has been produced in Atlanta, Chicago and Philadelphia with success.

¶ Spelman College this year graduated 40 students, the largest class in its history, of whom 16 were young women who transferred to the College last year from Atlanta University when undergraduate work was discontinued there. Among those receiving diplomas, Willie Juliet Dobbs was high honor student.

¶ The most significant change for this year in the program of the Atlanta School of Social Work is indicated in the expansion of its curriculum from 29 to 45 courses. Many of these new courses deal with Child Welfare and have been made possible by a grant from the Children's Fund of Michigan established by Senator James Couzens.

MIDDLE SOUTH

¶ Dr. Judson S. Hill, mentioned in the August, 1931, CRISIS is dead. He was

(*Will you please turn to page 398*)

(Courtesy of the *Chronicle*)

An African Roman Catholic Bishop. Page 386

Postscript
by W. E. B. Du Bois

THE CRISIS began with the November number, 1910. The spiritual predecessors of THE CRISIS were "The Moon," a weekly paper published at Memphis, Tenn., for two years. Then, "The Horizon," published at Washington, D. C., with the co-operation of L. M. Hershaw and F. H. M. Murray. It was a miniature magazine and lasted from 1907 to July, 1910.

The name "CRISIS" was suggested by William English Walling, one of the founders of the N. A. A. C. P. The magazine was designed as the official organ of this Association, but also to be, as far as possible, self-supporting.

The first number began with four pages of "Color Line;" three pages of "Opinions" of others concerning the Negro problem; two pages of Editorials, one page concerning the N. A. A. C. P., and one short article. There were two small departments.

From this thin pamphlet of twenty pages the size slowly increased. In 1912, the number of articles was increased; in 1916, the editorials were put first and the "Color Line" last; and finally, in 1927, articles were put first and editorials appeared as "Postscript."

In 1910–1918, the price of THE CRISIS was 10c a copy and $1 a year. In 1920, the price was raised to 15c, $1.50 a year.

Mary D. Maclean was the first Managing Editor, from the beginning until 1912. Jessie Fauset was Literary Editor from November, 1919 until 1926.

The first Business Manager was J. H. Belboder, now an Episcopal rector at Dayton, O. The second was Albon Holsey, now of the Negro Business League, who served 1911–1913. In September, 1913, came A. G. Dill, who was our Business Manager for fifteen years. He was succeeded by Pierce M. Thompson and Thomas Calloway in 1929–1930. The present Business Manager is Irene Malvan.

THE CRISIS has done some publishing outside the magazine. In 1920–21 it published the beautiful "Brownies' Book" for children, which is still remembered. It has also published three volumes: Maude Cuney's "Life of her Father;" Mary White Ovington's "Hazel" and Elizabeth Ross Haynes' "Unsung Heroes."

The contributors to THE CRISIS cover a wide field. We have published comparatively few articles and have never sought great names. And yet, among those who have written for us are George Bernard Shaw, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Vachel Lindsay, Charles W. Chesnutt, Mahatma Gandhi, Rabindranath Tagore, Zona Gale, Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Claude McKay, William S. Braithwaite, Jean Toomer, Langston Hughes, Countée Cullen, Lord Olivier, Willem Hendrick van Loon, Carleton Beals, James Weldon Johnson, and hosts of others almost equally well-known.

Our artists have reached from Henry O. Tanner to Laura Wheeler Waring, Albert Smith and Aaron Douglas.

We are selecting this month some of the editorials of past years which seem to us to express the spirit of this magazine.

Twenty-One Years of CRISIS Editorials

THE CRISIS—1910

THE object of this publication is to set forth those facts and arguments which show the danger of race prejudice, particularly as manifested today toward colored people. It takes its name from the fact that the editors believe that this is a critical time in the history of the advancement of men. Catholicity and tolerance, reason and forbearance can today make the world-old dream of human brotherhood approach realization; while bigotry and prejudice, emphasized race consciousness and force can repeat the awful history of the contact of nations and groups in the past. . . .

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MR. DOLE—1914.

HUMANITY is progressing toward an ideal; but not, please God, solely by help of men who sit in cloistered ease, hesitate from action and seek sweetness and light; rather we progress today, as in the past, by the soul-torn strength of those who can never sit still and silent while the disinherited and the damned clog our gutters and gasp their lives out on our front porches. These are the men who go down in the blood and dust of battle. They say ugly things to an ugly world. They spew the luke-warm fence straddlers out of their mouths, like God of old; they cry aloud and spare not; they shout from the housetops, and they make this world so damned uncomfortable with its nasty burden of evil that it tries to get good and does get better.

Evolution is evolving the millennium, but one of the unescapable factors in evolution are the men who hate wickedness and oppression with perfect hatred, who will not equivocate, will not excuse, and will be heard. With the sainted spirits of such as these THE CRISIS would weakly but earnestly stand and cry in the world's four corners of the way; and it claims no man as friend who dare not stand and cry with it.

LUSITANIA—1915.

EUROPEAN civilization has failed. Its failure did not come with this war, but with this war it has been made manifest. Whatever of brutality and inhumanity, of murder, lust and theft has happened since last summer is but counterpart of the same sort of happenings hidden in the wilderness and done against dark and helpless people by white harbingers of human culture. But when Negroes were enslaved or the natives of Congo raped and mutilated, or the Indians of the Amazon robbed, or the natives of the South Seas murdered, or 2,732 American citizens lynched—when all this happened in the past and men knew it was happening and women fatted and plumed themselves on the ill-gotten gains, and London and Berlin and Paris and New York flamed with orgies of extravagance which the theft of worlds made possible, when all this happened, we civilized folk turned deaf ears. We explained that these "lesser breeds

without the law" were given to exaggeration and had to be treated this way. They could not understand "civilization;" but as for the White World, there humanity and Christianity and loving kindness reigned." This was a lie and we know it was a lie. The Great War is the lie unveiled.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON—1915.

THE death of Mr. Washington marks an epoch in the history of America. He was the greatest Negro leader since Frederick Douglass, and the most distinguished man, white or black, who has come out of the South since the Civil War. His fame was international and his influence far-reaching. Of the good that he accomplished there can be no doubt; he directed the attention of the Negro race in America to the pressing necessity of economic development; he emphasized technical education and he did much to pave the way for an understanding between the white and darker races.

On the other hand, there can be no doubt of Mr. Washington's mistakes and short comings; he never adequately grasped the growing bond of politics and industry; he did not understand the deeper foundations of human training and his basis of better understanding between white and black was founded on caste. . . .

What is done is done. This is no time for recrimination or complaint. Gravely and with bowed head let us receive what this great figure gave of good, silently rejecting all else. Firmly and unfalteringly let the Negro race in America, in bleeding Haiti and throughout the world close ranks and march steadily on, determined as never before to work and save and endure, but never to swerve from their great goal: the right to vote, the right to know, and the right to stand as men among men throughout the world.

THE OATH OF THE NEGRO VOTER—1917.

AS one of the Earth's Disowned, I swear to hold my Ballot as the sacred pawn of Liberty for all mankind and for my prisoned race.

I will accept no price for my priceless Vote, save alone just laws, honestly dealt, without regard to color, wealth or strength. I will make the first and foremost aim of my voting the Enfranchisement of every citizen, male and female; and particularly the restoring of the stolen franchise to my people, by which continuing theft the enemies of the Negro race sit in high places today and wretchedly misgovern.

I will make the second object of my voting the division of the Social Income on the principle that he who does not work, be he rich or poor, may not eat; and that Land and Capital ought to belong to the Many and not to the Few.

I will accept no Office which I cannot efficiently fill; I will judge all Officials by their service to the common weal and I will not regard the mere giving of Office to my friends as payment for my support of any party.

I will judge all Political Parties not by their past deeds or their future promises but simply by the present acts of the Officials who represent them, and I will cast my vote for or against those officials accordingly.

RETURNING SOLDIERS — 1919.

WE are returning from war! THE CRISIS and tens of thousands of black men were drafted into a great struggle. For bleeding France and what she means and has meant and will mean to us and humanity and against the threat of German race arrogance, we fought gladly and to the last drop of blood; for America and her highest ideals, we fought in far-off hope; for the dominant Southern oligarchy entrenched in Washington, we fought in bitter resignation. For the America that represents and gloats in lynching, disfranchisement, caste brutality and devilish insult—for this, in the hateful upturning and mixing of things, we were forced by vindictive fate to fight, also.

But today we return! We return from the slavery of uniform which the world's madness demanded us to don to the freedom of civil garb. We stand again to look America squarely in the face and call a spade a spade. We sing: This country of ours, despite all its better souls have done and dreamed, is yet a shameful land.

MR. POWELL—1925.

MR. WILSON MARCY POWELL, lawyer and trustee, president of the corporation of Swarthmore College, trustee of the Franklin Savings Bank, treasurer of the New York Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends, etc., etc., writes us like this:

"I wish to discontinue my subscription to THE CRISIS.

"When I was in London last summer I was much shocked to see sandwich men walking along the Strand carrying large posters referring to the lynchings in the United States. I cannot help but highly disapprove of an attempt on the part of any portion of the community to wash our dirty linen in the capital city of any country. There can be no question that this lynching situation is a serious blemish on civilization in the United States, but no matter how seriously anyone is affected, this is no excuse for spreading it broadcast in other countries."

We are naturally stunned. But staggering gamely to our feet and jamming a battered hat well down over our ears, we announce to a waiting world that we are going to continue to wash our dirty linen in the United States and out and wherever on this habitable globe we can find soap and tubs. Humbly but very firmly we opine that the Sin of this world is dirt and not the geography of wash-houses. Wherefore, as the Poet hath it: Lay on, Macduff! and damned be Wilson Powell and all other lynchers of Thoughts and Men!

MILHOLLAND—1925.

JOHN E. MILHOLLAND is dead. Had it not been for him the editor of THE CRISIS would not have left Atlanta University in 1910 to found this journal. The Constitutional League which Milholland and Humphrey founded brought a current of strength to the many streams that made the N. A. A. C. P. possible. But Milholland was less a man of deed than a poet of inspiration; his handsome head and hearty voice, his thrill of belief, his whirlwind of big, joyful enthusiasm, and hot, scathing anger, made men move against their will and do things that could not be done. Thus at one enthusiastic meeting he shot the N. A. A. C. P. from a resolutions committee into an office with secretary and budget. I remember how the treasurer afterward looked at me with lack-lustre eye: "Well! Milholland has got you here! But where your salary is coming from I don't know!"

He is gone. He is gone to join that beautiful daughter who climbed the hills of light before, sweeping a way with the trailing of her shining garments; she who called back to him a year ago and made him stand one great last time for right. And now she has taken him by the hand and on they go.

MOORFIELD STORY—1929.

MOORFIELD STORY—one of God's gentlemen; born in 1845 and dead in 1929; an aristocrat of the sort that makes Aristocracy the perfect flower of universal Democracy; with a physical manhood, fine in face and feature, tall, lean and groomed; modest with every dignity; soft-voiced and full of kingly courtesy; one without fear—neither of gods, devils nor men; and certainly with no craven fright lest his own integrity and self-esteem could ever be threatened or overthrown by granting to all men of every color and breed, equality of pride and privilege and every width of opportunity that their souls demand.

Heir to the spirit of the Great Emancipator; secretary to Charles Sumner; leader of the Bar; fighter for Civil Service Reform and foe of Imperial aggression on the poor and weak; first President of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the only man of his station with

the guts to head so hated a horde;—here was a 20th Century Knight of Heaven's own Round Table; not satisfied with parade and fanfare and false front for causes already won; but a Knight who took his lonely stand out on the edge of Darkness and championed lazy Indians and impudent Philippinos and rape-full "Niggers"—fought for them with brain and wealth and ecstacy of strained strength, when fighting cost blood and the high-nosed contempt of that sort of cattle who murder Saccos and Vanzettis.

Beautiful, is it not, for such a leader of Lost Causes to rest his long lance and sheath his mighty sword at Christmastide, when the snow is singing to Death and the gray sky weeping above forests draped black; when the Crimson Christ, forever and forever crucified, is born again to blood and tears, bringing to the Hell in America, not Peace, but a Sword?

1932—PRE-SCRIPT—1932

So much for the past. So much for some swift summary of the thoughts that have gone through the minds of black folk in the last two decades. And now for the future. And now for a forecast of work and dreams and logic which must guide us in the coming year and years. Forecast in this Anniversary Number and emphasized in the Christmas Number, and continuing for something like a year, THE CRISIS *is going to study the paramount problem in the minds of black folk: Jobs for Negroes. This is the real crisis of the emancipation which began in 1863: The problem of placing the Negro as an independent and yet co-operating economic force in the United States, so that from this vantage ground of being able to earn a decent living, he can take his just and valuable part in the civilization of the world.*

BUYING AND SELLING

IN the present crisis colored people feel singularly helpless. The Machine has gone to pieces of which they were a humble but integral part. And they are continually told that there is no chance for the American Negro to seek his own economic emancipation.

On the other hand, why are we so helpless? We Negro Americans are a nation larger than Belgium or Holland, Greece or Hungary, and half the size of Spain; and far larger than the England of Elizabeth. No group of people of such size can be economically helpless. We think we are helpless, however, because of the prevalent philosophy in the United States which automatically begins its consideration of economics with problems of Production; that is, we think of the way in which things are raised and made as the beginning of the economic cycle. In fact, this is not true. The economic cycle begins not with Production but with Consumption, with the person who wants Food and Shelter, with the person who is buying Things and Services.

From this point of view, it is clear that the Negroes of the United States have tremendous economic power. It is not possible that they spend less than $750 million a year and they may spend more than a billion. No people who annually spend such a sum of money is a helpless people.

But, it is answered, they have little choice as to how this expenditure be made; to a degree, it is true that we are curtailed in the manner of our spending. We have small present choice in houses we may rent, in the buying of certain styles of clothing, in the fashion of our hats and shoes, in the quality of our groceries. Nevertheless, the campaign in Chicago last winter, led by the Chicago *Whip*, shows what can be done even with a doubting, poorly organized group with straitened opportunity. The colored people of Chicago made certain stores hire colored clerks, or go without their patronage. It was a revolutionary fight and ought to be the beginning of deep thought and wide action on our part. We can so organize and direct our buying power as to give ourselves better and better opportunities of employment, and greater and greater control of the industrial process.

The Chicago effort was one example. The C. M. A. Stores, fostered by the Negro Business League, is another example. The Co-operative Stores, forming under the leadership of George Schuyler, is still a third. In other words, a group of people who decide that they will spend their money only on condition that they get employment and service can in an extraordinary number of cases, get precisely what they demand.

Because we have turned the logical process round in our thinking, Production and Selling have overwhelmed America. We are hounded and blackjacked into buying what we do not want; of organizations of which we do not approve; and under circumstances which hurt us. Advertising and installment buying have made the nation blind and crazy. We think we must buy whatever is offered. The orgy must be stopped and no group is strategically better placed to do this than the American Negro.

Let us take two examples: In nearly all large cities the movie houses are monopolized by white capitalists. Sometimes they cater somewhat to their black constituency, sometimes they almost insult them. A group of a thousand or less colored people in any place determined to buy their amusement in their own cinemas, could form a closed and impregnable monopoly which nothing could break except they themselves. Or again, to go further afield: Colored people use cotton sheeting; they must buy a million sheets for their beds a year. Also, they have a dozen or more industrial schools which do not know what paying industries to teach. Why could not the two leading ones teach spinning and weaving and send out stamped "Hampton" and "Tuskegee" sheets; and why could not one hundred thousand colored families order in advance and pay for the whole output of these sheets delivered by students as summer work? Here would rise an industry absolutely impregnable to assault or overthrow so long as 100,000 colored families kept their word and paid their cash.

In dozens of other cases, a trained and hardworking General Staff of Negro Economic Guidance, stationed in one or more of our large universities, could in a generation find openings dovetailing into American industry, raising a black peasantry from poverty and crime and transforming the economic outlook of the Negro race throughout the world.

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Everett Benevolent & Social Club	5.00
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The N.A.A.C.P. Christmas seals are now available. They are managed as heretofore by Mrs. Memphis T. Garrison, Box 364, Gary, West Va., to whom you may send orders. Seals may be secured from the branches as well. They sell for one cent apiece.

We are urging branches, churches, clubs and other bodies to order and sell the N.A.A.C.P. Christmas Seal during the pre-holiday and holiday season so as to help the cause of the Negro's freedom.

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Who's Who

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HELEN HAGAN (Concert pianist). Bachelor of Music, Yale University and graduate from the Scola Cantorum, France. Has returned to the concert stage. Recital schedule in preparation. Park Square Building, Morristown, N. J.

ORRIN C. SUTHERN (Concert organist). St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Cleveland. Colleague of the American Guild of Organists. Address: 10214 Adams Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. (Telephone Henderson 8302.)

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THE CRISIS, 69 Fifth Avenue

New York City

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE CRISIS, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1931.

State of New York, } ss.:
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Irene C. Malvan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of THE CRISIS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are:

Publisher—The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Editor—W. E. B. DuBois, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Managing Editor—W. E. B. DuBois, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Business Manager—Irene C. Malvan, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary White Ovington, Chairman Board of Directors, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Walter White, Secretary, 69 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear on the books of the company as trustees or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

IRENE C. MALVAN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 5th day of October, 1931.

Frank M. Turner, Notary Public, Queens Co.

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PROVINCETOWN THEATRE

(*Continued from page* 374)

After six weeks at the Provincetown Theatres, this fine tragedy by Paul Green has moved as far north as the Garrick, where it has more room in which to flaunt its beauties. Played by a group of excellent Negro actors, who consummate perfectly the individual and racial characterizations of the text, 'In Abraham's Bosom' is the most penetrating, unswerving tragedy in town, and surely one of the most pungent folk dramas of the American stage."

Frank Wilson had come to Provincetown to play minor parts in "The Emperor Jones" and "All God's Chillun." He was a letter-carrier who wrote plays and was active in dramatic circles in Harlem, but it had never occurred to him to give up his "good, steady job" for the stage. With the opening of "Abraham" he was assigned to understudy Bledsoe. All knew him for a likeable chap, but no one suspected until that second night at the Garrick that he was really an actor. He passed from Abraham McCranie to the title rôle in "Porgy" and his postman days were over.

If the Provincetown had done no more than give Eugene O'Neill his opportunity, it would deserve the place it holds in the history of American drama. Its service to the Negro, in presenting the first all-Negro play and in encouraging the employment of Negro actors for Negro rôles, was enough to give it eminence.

The Provincetown is a closed chapter in the American theater. But its ideal, which persisted from the first days on the wharf, where the word experiment was not yet in the vocabulary, to the last at the Garrick, where it became a shibboleth, is alive today. The idea of a theater for experiment is a valid one, and it will find root again before long. Young people, somewhere, impelled by a sincere creative impulse which cannot otherwise be expressed, will come together in some stable or drawing-room, and make a theater for the Greens, the Cummings, the Glaspells, the O'Neills of tomorrow.

OUR READERS SAY

(*Continued from page* 383)

I am a laboring man and have got to have some one to help me to get my girls through this school, and I am sure with what knowledge they have got this year they are as fit to enter high school as some of the others of their class.

I have been advised to write to you as you are one of the directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and that they would assist and advise me what to do.

_____,
Conn.

NOW AND THEN

(*Continued from page* 384)

mitted suicide in Paris, in the Bois de Boulogne, whither she had journeyed in the anguish of her soul. She poisoned herself with cyanide of potassium on a lonely bench, and in this way miserably ended a life which had been so full of good and noteworthy deeds. Probably very few people besides myself knew the real reason of this tragic end.

"I did not touch on these two exceptional beings merely to talk about them, but to show in the example of Fred Douglass how deeply racial hatred of the most educated American proved itself even in the case of such a prominent man as he was.

"After we had known him for two years, we were staying one summer at one of the smart bathing-place hotels, where more Americans than foreigners sought relief from the glowing heat of July and August.

"I formed a close friendship with two pleasant ladies—mother and daughter, We had many mutual interests and understood each other in most of the main questions of life. One day the conversation turned on the prejudices of race among the Anglo-Saxons. 'The Englishman in England,' I said, 'does not assert his superiority, but unconsciously assumes it; so in America. The foreigner, unless he understood how to impress people with exalted titles, such as Prince or Duke, never attains to quite an equivalent standing with the Amercian born. As for the poor nigger, who even today occupies the same miserable position as during the time of slavery——' Both women looked in astonishment at me, and said, 'Surely you don't expect us to regard the nigger as a human being.'

"I replied in equal amazement, 'Not the nigger who just put the iced water on the table for us, but the educated darkie.'

"'There is not a single colored man capable of any kind of education,' they disputed eagerly.

"'What about Fred Douglass?' I said, playing this my great trump card.

"They were both silent for a moment, then the mother said, 'Well, yes, he may have acquired a little political knowledge, but you surely would not sit in the same room with Fred Douglass?'

"'I? Yes! I love and honor him!'

"The ladies stiffened visibly.

"'Well, but you would never shake hands with him!' they added triumphantly.

"'Not only shake hands; my husband and I have even kissed him heartliy when we met again after a long parting.'

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"'Oh, well,' came long drawn out from the beautiful lips of the mother. Then she looked at her watch and said, 'Mabel, it is time for church,' and both sailed out.

"From that moment they acknowledged me coolly, and never spoke to me again.

"As I have said, Fred Douglass married a white woman after the death of his coal-black wife, and when already advanced in years, and Marshal of the United States. The lady was of very good family, but because of her marriage was cast off by society. On the first Sunday after their wedding, when she appeared in the church she had attended since her childhood, accompanied by the man so much esteemed by the government, the acquaintances who usually sat next to her got up and left, leaving her alone with her husband. Fred Douglass, indignant at such behavior, wanted to enforce his rights.

The following Sunday he appeared again, sat down on the deserted bench without his wife, whom he wanted to spare the pain of being treated as a pariah. Then the whole congregation rose up to leave the church. The Marshal remained alone with the clergyman, who, in these circumstances, gave up the service, and advised him rather to go to the colored preacher of his 'own people' in the Methodist Church.

"Almost the same thing happened to him at the theatre, as is the case with most black people. He was told at the box office that not a single place was vacant. Theatre directors cannot act otherwise, for their theatres would be simply boycotted, if it occurred to them to sell a seat to a colored man.

"The big New York paper, *The World*, once arranged a trial to establish a proof of this. They chose an elegant, well-dressed Negro as reporter. He drove in a carriage and pair to the best hotels and demanded rooms. A rapid glance of the reporter was bestowed upon his beautiful trunks and handbags, then a regretful shrug of the shoulders followed, and invariably the same words, 'I am very sorry, but we have not a single room free.' The next one who drove up, also dispatched as traveller by *The World* to control matters, had as many rooms as he wanted put at his disposal.

"In the smart restaurants, where ocular evidence made it impossible to say that 'no table was free,' they did not even trouble to make an excuse, but simply said, 'No colored people admitted.' The poor things were dealt with otherwise at the big bars. Here one allowed him to approach a table, then the bar-keeper placed himself quietly before him, and to everything the reporter asked for, no matter how much he let his dollars shine, he received the following answer, 'Sorry,

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sir, we have run out of this.' The instant the colored man entered, all customers left the place.

"It was so utterly against the principles of the Constitution that *The World,* in conscientiously exposing the whole affair, added a disapproving commentary on the Constitution itself; but matters remained as before."

After many years in America Princess Racowitza returned to Europe. "We had lived too long in the matter-of-fact dollar country not to appreciate to the full the entire charm of places so interwoven with legend."

But she was friend to unfortunates wherever she was. Once Björnsterne Björnson said to her regarding a certain woman, "You can help her, Madame Helene." . . . "How?" she asked. "Write to her," he said "Yes, but *what*——?" "Only just as you *are*—nothing very especial. What she needs is a warm-hearted human being. Write to her from the heart—*from your heart.* That will console her."

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She seems never to have really lost that first youth. A famous beauty always, a talented actress, a much sought after lady right up to the last. Finding herself a septuagenarian and a widow and about to cross the threshold of a new love affair she, either because she had too keen a sense of the ridiculous or because she was satiated with life, ended it all.

"I know no fear of death," she had said and proved it by tossing aside her crutches of Theosophy, snatching up a little drink of poison, and true to form, making a dramatic entrance in the next world. No doubt she found her beauty and her s. a. awaiting her——

Hail to thee, O Sun!

GENERAL SMUTS' RETURN

(*Continued from page* 379)

"Another court was held in Johannesburg, about eight hundred and five miles distant from Cape Town, and here Pirow was also burned in effigy. Pirow the Dutch (so called) Minister of Justice, has had the audacity to introduce the *bills of slavery* to parliament for the 'Christian' citizens of the Union of South Africa in the land that God has given them.

"These two courts—in Cape Town and Johannesburg—were closed with the singing of that stirring African anthem which was composed by Dr. Magabane, the anthem *Modimo tsegofotsa Africa lefatse labo Ndade oarona,* or 'God bless Africa, land of our fathers'."

COLOR LINE

(*Continued from page* 390)

for more than fifty years president of the Normal and Industrial College of Morristown, Tenn.

¶ The colored people of Memphis have 176 churches, including 131 Baptist churches, 23 Methodist churches, and 22 churches of other denominations.

¶ Negro farmers of 16 Southern states, who are members of a farmers' co-operative association, held their annual convention at Mound Bayou, Miss., the first of September. Discussions included all phases of farm life from planting to marketing. Prizes were awarded for farm products display.

MISCELLANEOUS

¶ The Anti-Filipino agitation in California has caused a furious attack on America in the Filipino Legislature.

"We must endure the anomalous status of having to obey America's laws but not enjoying the protection of either its Constitution or the law of nations.

"The solution is separation before irresponsibility here or in the United States extinguishes all sparks of gratitude on our hearth."

¶ Theodorus Convalius is a teacher in the Government School at Paramaribo, British Suriname, South America. He has written books on the history of Suriname and folk lore and folk music.

¶ Margaret N. Curry, a graduate of Spelman College and afterward a teacher there, has been granted a General Education Board Scholarship for study next year. She will pursue European history at the University of Michigan. Ernestine V. Erskine, also a graduate of Spelman, received a scholarship for summer study at Columbia University.

¶ At a contest for organ students aged 18 to 22 years, held by the American Guild of Organists, Northern Ohio Chapter, on October 3, a Negro student, Orrin C. Suthern, took first prize. He will, therefore, be the first Negro organist to appear at a State Guild Convention.

¶ Irma G. Taylor of St. Louis, Missouri, was among 16 June graduates in local high schools to receive a scholarship award from the Gerard Swope scholarship committee. She will study pharmacy at Lincoln Institute.

¶ Emanuel Williams, George Jackson, Willard Payne, Negro youths, were among the 1,678 contestants, white and colored, in the *Chicago Evening American* Subscription Contest. The three boys went on a grand circle tour of the Middle Western and Eastern States as guests of the various Hearst newspapers.

¶ Mayor Sullivan of Newport, Rhode Island, appointed three Negroes as

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members of the reception committee to meet the "U.S.S. Constitution" on her visit to that city August 10. They are Dr. Marcus Wheatland, Dr. Campbell P. West and traffic officer Burton.

¶ Dorothy Huffman, whose parents were unable to supply her with railroad fare, hitch-hiked from her home in Mt. Zion, Alabama, to Tuskegee Institute, a distance of 23 miles, in order to attend a 10 day summer session which was given at the school.

¶ The Citizens Cooperative Society, Incorporated, of Buffalo, New York, has just opened their first store, employing eight clerks, two delivery boys, a cashier and a manager. This society was formed in July, 1928, and is under the auspices of the Young Negroes Cooperative League.

¶ At the graduation exercises of the Rogers High School, Newport, R. I., Martin Sutler, a colored boy, was given the Boston College Cup for excellence in athletics. He will study medicine at Howard this fall.

¶ The Resthaven Corporation of Boston, Mass., is three years of age. It is a home for old and sick people established by Edgar P. Benjamin. Its income for 1930 was $23,480. It has a permanent endowment of $13,000. Rev. D. L. Ferguson is Secretary.

¶ A second announcement of scholarships has been made by the Julius Rosenwald Fund in Medicine, Public Health and Community Leadership.

¶ The seventh annual convention of the National Bar Association was held in Cleveland, Ohio, August 10. Jesse Heslip of Toledo, Ohio, was elected President to succeed Raymond Pace Alexander of Philadelphia.

¶ The Census reports that in 1930 43.7% of the Negroes lived in cities as compared with 34% ten years ago. This indicates the persistent desertion of country districts by black folk.

¶ The Mississippi Republican State Executive Committee has appealed to President Hoover deploring "The attitude of the present administration in failing to recognize the regular Republican organization of Mississippi which has been in regular session for the past sixty odd years and has been recognized by every Republican Administration and Republican National Convention since the days of Abraham Lincoln."

¶ In Nigeria a European shot a native accidentally and then was ordered home. The colored editor of the *Nigerian Daily Telegraph* protested against this so vehemently that he was fined $250 and costs for contempt of court.

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A survey of education in India shows that there were 18 universities with approximately 9,694 graduates. The number of girls under instruction was 2,032,388, of whom about one-third were attending co-educational schools.

The new provisional constitution adopted recently at Nanking, China, established the Republic of China as a "united republic forever." Among its aims are educating Chinese youth as quickly as possible to make them fit for self-government; all citizens of China are to be equal before the law, regardless of sex, religion, or caste; the various districts are to enjoy autonomy and the rights of election, initiative; recall and referendum; liberty of speech is guaranteed, waste land is to be reclaimed and irrigation fostered; agricultural banks and cooperative enterprises are to be encouraged, and the development of natural resources.

Mrs. Turnett Cook has been studying the aboriginal population of Australia. She estimated that there are 77,000, of which 60,000 are full-blooded natives and 17,000 mulattoes. In 1788 the number was about 250,000.

The first great wrong perpetrated against them in the 18th Century was to deprive them of their lands, thus reducing them to serfdom. The second wrong was the interference of white men with native women, which is still demoralizing the group. The third wrong was the introduction of alcohol, drugs and disease. Protectors have been appointed and some attempt made at uplift but nothing sufficiently drastic. Recently, natives have been killed by police and others in a wholesale search for murderers in Western and Central Australia. In Central Australia, Mrs. Cook was shocked at the want, misery and degradation which she saw.

At the Empire Day Cycle and Athletics Sports meeting, which was held at the St. Clair Oval, Port of Spain, Trinidad, L. Rogers broke the 20-year-old record in the mile bicycle race, and A. Thompson set a new record in the 440½-mile track event.

Arthur Wildman Farquharson was made a Knight Bachelor and D. H. Hall, a Companion of the Imperial Service Order in the British West Indies.

Before the recent adjournment of the West Indies Legislative Council, the sum of eight million dollars was voted for improvement of the islands.

In Jamaica, a Cooperative Association with 10,000 members has been established and is one of the most efficient in the British colonies. It has white and colored people among its members.

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THE BROWSING READER

Djuka, The Bush Negroes of British Guiana. By Morton C. Kahn. Viking Press, New York. $3.50.

WE have at last a beautiful and complete account of the West African Negroes who rebelled on the Northeastern coast of South America early in the 18th Century and gradually established their complete freedom and independence. It is one of the most astonishing stories of modern days. There were similar revolts in the West Indies, especially in the case of the Maroons of Jamaica; but being on islands these intrepid fighters for liberty could be subdued. In the jungles of South America this was impossible and there has grown up there a Negro civilization independent and contemptuous of white folk and yet with a message for modern civilization. As Blair Niles says:

"The justification for Dr. Kahn's Djuka, is not only that it is the best and most complete book on the subject, but that it gives us a perspective on our own problems. We have reached a point where we begin to realize that we must stop and take stock of this civilization, so painfully built by those who have gone before. We must be able to say what is good enough to survive, and what must be eliminated as a menace to human happiness. In what ways, for example, are the Djukas happier than we are? And how can we revise our life, so that we may include in it the best of jungle life, without losing any of the good of our own civilization? We have come to a world crisis in which we must look at this subject very seriously and as clearly as may be."

We shall return later to a consideration of this most interesting book.

Mhudi. An Epic of South African Life One Hundred Years Ago. By Sol T. Plaatje. Lovedale Press, South Africa.

SOL T. PLAATJE is a leader of the struggling black folk of South Africa and by his writing has already done much to make their problems clear. His "Native Life in South Africa" is known in America and he has translated into native tongue many of the plays of Shakespeare and other works. This story is a careful study of native life in South Africa, filled with folk lore handed down in Plaatje's own family and is interesting as a tale. One is especially struck by the poetry and beauty of the life depicted and at the same time by its great tragedy.

John Henry. By Roark Bradford. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE man who wrote the tales of "Ol' Man Adam An' His Chillun," from which Marc Connelly wrote "The Green Pastures," has published a study of the John Henry legend. Bradford shows much sympathy and fine feeling in his work but no white man born south of the Mason and Dixon's Line can express the real soul of the Negro.

Jim and Mr. Eddy. By Dr. Algernon B. Jackson. The Associated Publishers, D. C. $2.15.

DR. ALGERON B. JACKSON of Howard University recently took a trip with his wife to study the Negro hospitals of the South. He has put his comments and experiences in a readable book. There is not perhaps much new within the pages but the point of view is fresh and there is a contribution to the matter of caring for the colored afflicted.

The Racial Basis of Civilization. By Frank H. Hankins. Alfred Knopf. $2.75.

THIS is a new edition of the book published five years ago. So far as colored people are concerned the changes are unimportant. The book will still give much aid and comfort to the man who believes that Negroes are inferior. However, Mr. Hankins will be able to say to accusations of this sort that every statement which he has made upholding such a contention is contradicted by another statement in the succeeding paragraph. All of which enhances the mysteries of science.

Other books which have come to our desk include:

A pamphlet on attempts at producers' co-operation among the cocoa farmers of West Africa written by W. Tete Ansá.

A story of "Abraham Lincoln," by John D. Long, published by the Fleming H. Revell Company. It is readable and anecdotal.

The Fifth Seminar in Mexico, 1930, has published its speeches under the "Genius of Mexico." It treats the Indian element in Mexico but says nothing of Negro blood.

Those who wish to understand India should not fail to read "H. H. or the Pathology of Princes," by Kanhavalal Gauba, issued by *The Times* Publishing

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Company at Lahore, India. This is an extraordinary revelation of the extravagance and misrule of Indian Princes, backed by the power of the British Government. One gets an idea of what India staggers under when we realize that the visit of an Indian Prince to Simla for four days cost his heavily stricken subjects $7,437.

THE temper of Herman Feldman's "Racial Factors in American Industry" (Harper's—$4) can perhaps be shown by the following, which in turn quotes an article published in the October, 1930, CRISIS:

Present beliefs in the minds of many people are that Negroes belong to an inferior race and it is futile for them to aspire higher than their natural and God-appointed status. The student of social history can see in this attitude an old, recurrent story of the disdain always exhibited by an established group which has derived material advantage from the work of another group. Until the franchise became universal in England, and indeed, even in many cases in this country, the minority who exploited the mass of wage-earners characterized their victims as inferior in mentality, vagrant in tendency, and generally dangerous. To be sure, employers were sincere in their prejudices and they were supported by some of the best academic thought of their day. It is a host of similar convictions, by earnest citizens, which Negroes must contend against today.

One woman who writes in protest against the injustices shown to the Negro race, recounts the early aversion to the Negro bred in her by her environment:

"One drop of Negro blood thickens the lips, flattens the nose, kinks the hair and dulls the intellect. I can still hear my mother reading this sentence, her voice trembling with emotion. I can also recall the effect it had on me. She believed it sincerely. And her fear that Negroes might ruin our Nordic race filled me with terror. I was aged about six when she read it to me, and I had never seen a Negro. In the little country town in southern Utah where I was born and had lived there were none. For me Negroes were in the same class as goblins, ghosts, witches, fairies and devils. . . . Fear for the safety of our race possessed me many times after that. I learned in a college class in sociology that the Negroes were our greatest problem. If something was not done about their rapid increase they would soon threaten our supremacy."

To most people earning a living is not easy. If the struggle is hard for whites, how much greater must the problem be to a group which suffers from the additional handicap of racial discrimination? The Negro problem, as some one has jocularly remarked, is of great importance, especially to the Negro. The crucial experience of eleven million people in industry cannot be a sectional or purely personal matter. It is a problem of outstanding national importance and a matter of deep concern to the white employer and to the student, as well as to the Negro himself.

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